BACONIANA.

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BACON'S USE OF THE WRITINGS OF TACITUS IN PASSAGES OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

"THE book of deposing King Richard II., and the coming in of Henry IV., supposed to be written by Dr. Hayward, who was committed to the Tower for it, had much incensed Queen Elizabeth; and she asked Mr. Bacon, being then of her counsel learned, whether there were any treason contained in it? Who, intending to do him a pleasure, and to take off the Queen's bitterness with a jest, answered '*No, Madam, for treason I cannot deliver opinion that there is any, but very much felony.*' The Queen apprehending it gladly, asked, '*How and wherein?*' Mr. Bacon answered: '*Because he hath stolen many of his conceits out of Tacitus!*'"*

It is singular that with this clear piece of information as to the origin of some of *Shakespeare's* "conceits" no one, so far as we are aware, has been at the pains to collate Tacitus with the Plays, and to ascertain the amount of the poet's debt to that historian. No authority for the statement could be better than that of the poet himself, and the enquiry seems well worthy of being made.

Since the following extracts were made five years ago, the writer has observed a curious note in Spedding's "Life and Letters of Bacon."† This note throws a light upon the present subject which makes it desirable to draw attention to the circumstances connected with it.

In the letters and papers entered by Robert Stephens in his catalogue of Bacon's manuscripts "*there is one list to which nothing*

* *Apophthegms New and Old.* † *VII.* 593.

corresponding has been found."* This is the more singular because "Stephen's Catalogue" was copied from a list made by Dr. Tenison of the contents of a box of Bacon's papers which, in the opinion of Mr. Spedding, "*must have been extant and in the hands of Dr. Tenison as late as December*, 1682." There are upwards of ninety letters, instructions, and papers of notes, thus missing. The one which seems significant and relevant to the present subject is this. (No date is given.) "Notes from the first book of Tacitus, touching the making or breaking of factions." Is it not probable that some of these notes, whose subject has such affinity with the plot of *Richard II.*, will be found introduced into that Play, in passages of which Bacon so well knew the origin? In connection with these circumstances—(1) Francis Bacon's reply to Queen Elizabeth concerning *felony*, or passages stolen from Cornelius Tacitus and inserted in the play of *Richard II.* (2) Notes from Tacitus, missing from the list made from a box of Bacon's papers by Dr. Tenison. We have to draw attention (3) to another list purporting to record the contents of a paper book with draughts of some of Bacon's small pieces.

In 1592 Bacon wrote a device entitled "*The Conference of Pleasure;*" it is of the same nature as some of the "*Masques of Ben Jonson*," and was found in manuscript amongst a quantity of papers at Northumberland House in 1867, and edited and reprinted by Spedding. We pass over this interesting piece which is not to the present purpose, excepting as it contributes to the index written on the first page of the MS. book, which begins with the title "*Mr. Fr. Bacon of giving tribute or that which is due.*" Then follow the names of four speeches delivered by the four friends who are engaged in "the conference." They are described as

> The praise of the worthiest virtue (patience or fortitude).
> The praise of the worthiest affection (love).
> The praise of the worthiest power (knowledge).
> The praise of the worthiest person (the Queen—*Truth*).

This last is the same afterwards printed and published under the title of "*Mr. Bacon in praise of his Soveragne.*"

Besides these pieces, which are all contained in the paper book, seven more appear to have once formed part of the contents, but the

* *Add. MSS. British Museum*, 4259.

thread which fastened the whole has been detached, and the central pages removed.

According to the list on the cover of the book, the lost sheets should contain :—

1. *The Conclusion of Leycester's Commonwealth.*

2. Speeches of the six Councillors to the Prince of Purpoole at the Gray's Inn Revels 1594. These are catalogued: *Orations at Gray's Inn Revels.*

3. Something by Mr. F. Bacon about the "Queen's Ma^{ie}"—the rest illegible.

4. *Essaies* by the same author.

5. *Richard II. and Richard III.*

6. *Asmund and Cornelia* (a piece of which nothing is known).

7. *The Isle of Dogs—frmnt* (a play of which the introduction and 1st Act are said to be by Thomas Nashe, and the rest by "the players." Of this play no copy has been found, but evidently it was a "*fragment*," and a line beneath adds, "*Thomas Nashe and inferior plaiers*," so perhaps these finished it).

After these follow lists of speeches and letters written by Bacon *for* the Earls of Arundel, Sussex, and Essex, to be passed off doubtless as their own ; and then, as if by an idle clerk, eight or ten repetitions of the name *Shakespeare*, spelt as on the title-pages of the plays, but not as he or his family, until after his time, are known to have spelt it. We pass from this and other interesting points to matter now in hand ; and draw attention to the fact that here for the third time we find a link connecting Richard II. (and we may add, Richard III.) with Francis Bacon, and (according to his own showing) with Tacitus.

Death the End of All.

"Tarsa declared earnestly for instant *death*, and *the severance of all hopes and fears at once*."—*Annals*, B. iii. 50.

> "I will despair, and be at enmity
> With cozening hope . . . . *a keeper-back of death*
> Who gently would dissolve the bands of life
> Which false hope lingers in extremity."—*Rich. II.* II. ii. 68.
>
> "Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay
> The worst is death, and death will have his day."
> —*Ib.* III. ii. 102.

DEATH WITH HONOUR OR SHAME.

"We are to reflect that *death with honour* is *preferable to life with shame.*"—*Agricola*, Hist. B. III. 33.

> "My life thou shalt command, but not my shame :
> The one my duty owes ; but my fair name
> Despite of death that lives upon my grave
> To dark dishonour's use thou shalt not have."
> —*Rich. II.* I. i. 166.

> "Fear and be slain ; no worse can come to fight :
> And fight and die is death destroying death,
> Where fearing dying pays death servile breath."
> —*Ib.* III. ii. 183.

EMPIRE BOUNDED WITH THE OCEAN.

"Some said that Augustus . . . had yielded in many things to Antony and . . . Lepidus . . . seeing there was no means left to redress all discords in the Commonwealth than to bring under the obedience of one alone, who should governe. . . . the *Empire he had bounded with the ocean*, and other rivers farre off."—(*Annals* i. 3).

> "England *bound in with the triumphant sea*,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious serge
> Of watery Neptune is now bound in with shame."
> —(*Rich. II.* II. i. 61).

FEMININE QUARRELS.

"Such animosities as arise between females."—(*Annals* i. 33).

"Besides this women's quarrels were mingled among."—(*Ib.* i. 8).

"The spirit of female rivalry."—(*Ib.* ii. 43).

"The orders of the ladies were peremptory and capricious."—(*Ib.* iii. 83).

"A woman, furious beyond her sex."—(*Hist.* ii. 63).

> "'Tis not the trial of a woman's war :
> The bitter clamour of two eager tongues," etc.
> —(*Rich. II.* I. i. 47).

FLATTERY—BASE.

"L. Piso, high priest, . . . never of himself propounded any matter which smelled of flattery or base minds; and if he were forced thereto, he used great moderation in doing it."—(*Annals* vi. 3).

Gaunt: "Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me
I mock my name, great King, to flatter thee."
King Rich.: "Should dying men flatter with those that live?"
Gaunt: "No, no; men living flatter those that die."

* * * * *

King Rich.: "I am in health, I breathe and see this ill."
Gaunt: "Now He that made me knows I see *thee* ill;
Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.
Thy death-bed is no lesser than thy land,
Wherein thou liest in reputation sick," etc.
(*See Gaunt's Admonition; Rich. II.* II. i. 86; IV. i. 164—5).

FLATTERING HOPE.

"Mutianus spent upon Antonius many good words . . . and secretly laded him with promises putting him in hope. . . . And when Mutianus had filled with these winds of hope his vainglorious mind, he proceeded subtlely to infringe his power."—(*Tac.*).

"I will despair and be at enmity
With cozening hope—he is a flatterer."
—(*Rich. II.* II. ii. 68).

FREE THOUGHT AND SPEECH.

"Times when men were blessed with the rare *privilege* of *thinking with freedom, and uttering what they thought.*"
—(*Hist. Book* i. 1; *and Ib.* i. 16—17, 54—55).

"He is our subject, Mowbray; so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow."
—(*Rich. II.* I. i. 122-3).

King Rich.: "And thou, a lunatic, lean-witted fool,
Presuming on an ague's *privilege*
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheek, etc.
Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son,
This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head
Should run thy head from thy unreverent shoulders."
—(*Rich. II.* II. i. 115).

Ross.: "My heart is great, but it must break with silence," etc.

North.: "Nay, speak thy mind, and let him ne'er speak more
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm! . . .
(*Ib.* 228.)

. . . . . I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is."
Willo.: "Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours."

Ross.: "Be confident to speak, Northumberland:
We three are but thyself: and, speaking so,
Thy words are but as thoughts—therefore be bold."
—(*Ib.* 271).

MONUMENTS OF BRASS AND MARBLE.

"Not that I would reject those semblances of the human figure which are *engraven in brass and marble;* but as their originals are frail and perishable, so likewise are they: while the form of the mind is eternal, and not to be expressed by any foreign matter or the artist's skill, but by the manners of the survivors. Whatever in Agricola was the object of our love, of our admiration, remains and will remain in the minds of men, transmitted in the records of fame, through an eternity of years. For, while many great personages of antiquity will be involved in a common oblivion with the mean and inglorious, Agricola shall survive, represented and consigned to future ages."—(*Tacitus' Life of Agricola, concluding Reflections*).

"Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, etc. . . .
. . . . . Within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king.
Keeps Death his court . . .
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
To monarchise . . .
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh . . . were brass impregnable."
—(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 144—176).

[In this passage the frailty of the body is compared with the durability of brass. The nobler part of the thought as to the Eternity of mind is absent from the Play.]

MONUMENTS OF FAME.

Senrea being informed that he was to die, called for tables to make his will, and as this was prohibited he told his friends that—"Since

he was debarred from requiting their services, he bequeathed to them that which alone was now left him, but which yet was the fairest legacy which he had to leave them—the example of his life."

—(*Annals* xv. 62).

King Rich.: "Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs, etc.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so—*for what can we bequeath*
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?"

—(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 145).

NAMES CONFOUNDED.

"Under specious names he confounds the nature of things: calls cruelty, justice; avarice, economy; and massacre, military discipline."

—(*Tacitus' History* i. 37.)

"Thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy father's death . . .
Call it not patience, Gaunt, *it is despair*."

—(*Rich. II.* I. ii. 25).

Taking only the Play of *Rich. III.* (coupled with *Rich. II.* in the catalogue on the MS. book) and the two parts of *Hen. IV.* (coupled with *Rich. II.* in Bacon's anecdote) we may multiply by ten the number of such allusions. But, in fact, they abound and increase in number throughout the Historical Plays, and in sprinklings throughout the whole *Shakespeare* series.

For fear of unduly intrenching upon the space allotted in this magazine, I suppress a quantity of notes on the philology of the *English translation* of the *Works of Tacitus*, published in 1622. This 8vo. volume bears on its title-page neither the name of the translator, printer, or publisher. The Introduction is a Letter to the "Rt. Honble. Earls of Essex and Ewe," and this Letter is signed at a distance of four inches from the text—"RICHARD GREENVVEY." An address to the reader follows; and in place of a signature, the word "Farewell."

Following some hints thrown out for the detection of Bacon's style by one of your contributors in a paper on the Sonnets (*August*, 1893), I have collected and methodised the characteristics of Bacon's diction with this translation of Tacitus, and am not afraid to

say that the work will prove to be one of the many translations made by Bacon in youth, and in accordance with his remark that although he could read the works of classical authors in the originals, yet he could not "*exercise his judgment*" upon them except they were first translated into his mother tongue. Observe that in the passage in the "*De Aug*," vi. 4, where Bacon is speaking of the "Appendices of the Art of Transmission," and of the training of the youthful mind, and of the value of stage-playing as a discipline, he quotes, almost verbatim a passage and anecdote from the *Annals of Tacitus* i. 10.

". . . Surely the culture and ordering of youthful or tender years has a power which, though latent and not perceptible to everybody, neither length of time, nor assiduity and earnestness of labour in mature age can afterwards countervail. It will not be amiss to observe also that even mean faculties, when they fall into great men, or great matters, sometimes work great and important effects. Of this I will adduce a memorable example; the rather, because the Jesuits appear not to despise this kind of discipline, therein judging (as I think) well. It is a thing indeed, if practised professionally, of low repute; but if it be made a part of discipline, it is of excellent use—I mean stage-playing: an art which strengthens the memory, regulates the tone and effect of the voice and pronunciation, teaches a decent carriage of countenance and gesture, gives not a little assurance, and accustoms young men to bear being looked at. The example which I shall give, taken from *Tacitus*, is that of our Vibulenus, formerly an actor, then a soldier in the Pannonian regions. This man had, at the death of Augustus, raised a mutiny, whereupon Blæsus, the lieutenant, committed some of the mutineers to prison. The soldiers, however, broke in and let them out; whereupon Vibulenus getting up to speak, began thus:—'These poor innocent wretches you have restored to light and life; but who shall restore life to my brother, or my brother to me? whom being sent hither in message from the legions of Germany to treat of the common cause, this man hath murdered last night by some of his swordsmen, whom he keeps and arms for the execution of soldiers. Answer, Blæsus, Where have you thrown his body? Enemies themselves deny not burial. When with tears and kisses I shall have satisfied my grief, command me also to be slain beside him; only let these fellows, seeing

we are put to death for no crime, but because we consulted for the good of the legions, have leave to bury us.' With which words he excited such excessive jealousy and alarm, that, had it not shortly afterwards appeared that nothing of the sort had happened, nay, that he had never had a brother, the soldiers would hardly have kept their hands off the prefect; but the fact was that he played the whole thing as if it had been a piece on the stage.'"

I find it to be in a high degree probable that the early English translations of the classical authors were made as useful exercises by Francis Bacon, and used by him throughout his life. Should space be available I hope to continue this subject in a future number of BACONIANA.

TACIT.

THE SONNETS.

SO many attempts have been made to clear up the mystery of the Sonnets, and the success of even the most learned and the most subtle of these attempts is so doubtful, that plain men, who have no skill in reading riddles, and no critical faculty for the discussion of mystic or speculative interpretations, may well conclude that the puzzle of them is insoluble. Not that a just appreciation of the value and beauty of these peerless poems depends upon any of these expositions. And if these interpretations are unsatisfactory, it by no means follows that they are to be despised or neglected. Any kind of historic or cryptic speculation may bring out special features of interest, special aspects of beauty, and consequently most of them, even those which are most difficult to accept in their entirety, may be studied with advantage.

I do not find that the transcendental explanations which have been offered can be easily fitted to the details of the Sonnets. It is indeed possible that the poet's wooing may in some of the stanzas refer to truth, or beauty, or art—his own art or universal art. But it seems to me that abstract personalities cannot furnish the motive or the circumstance for many of them; and even where such interpretation

is possible, the reason for it may only be that the world and all life is an allegory, that all the facts of nature and history have many planes of meaning, and are true in "discreet degrees" of truth; that whatever is physical is also metaphysical, and thus whatever is spoken of the phenomena of the visible world or the outward events of human life, infolds some deeper thought belonging to the laws and facts of the spiritual world.

When, however, the poet is not praising but *dis*praising his mistress, or the subject of his verse, as in Sonnets 130, 131, 137, and many of the later Sonnets, I cannot, with such limited vision as I possess, find any transcendental key that fits the intricacies of their structure. But then, on the other hand, no other key is more helpful, the meaning seems hopelessly inwrapped, not to be disclosed by any forces of incubation which we can bring to bear upon it. We simply do not know what are the facts and persons alluded to, and one guess is pretty nearly as good as another. For want of biographic detail some of the Sonnets (such as 35, 40, 67, 120) are quite unintelligible. What, for instance, can be made of such a couplet as this?—

> "If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
> By self-example may'st thou be denied.—(142).

Perhaps by some circuitous process such language might be linked to its transcendental interpretation; but, *Cui bono?* no one can see these explanations without the help of mystically-coloured glasses. With Darsie Latimer, in "Red Gauntlet," when I venture into these remote regions, I am inclined to say, "But I am returning to a fruitless and exhausted subject. Do not be afraid that I shall come back on this well-trodden yet pathless field of conjecture."

As to duplex or multiple authorship, a co-partnership arrangement with Sir Philip Sydney and others, I have nothing to say to it. The idea seems to me scarcely worthy of serious discussion.

The best explanation, perhaps, is to be found in Mr. Gerald Massey's book: the book of a true poet, well able to respond to the most delicate suggestions of the poet of poets. Moreover, he has equipped himself for his task by a careful historic survey of the times, and especially of the personal history of those who may be alluded to in these poems. His eloquence and enthusiasm are inexhaustible, and if he is frequently too diffuse (for he is absolutely

incapable of concentration), yet he is always clear and often highly suggestive. He ought to treat those who differ from him more courteously, and he might, perhaps, occasionally abate a little of his secure and positive certainty, and offer his conclusions as gifts which may without offence be refused; for often, like the terrible queen, he holds his cup with one hand and a dagger, or at least a whip, in the other. He is evidently one of the *genus irritabile*, and yet he does not bring poison in his cup, but poetic wine of the choicest bouquet.

All students of Shakespeare, and especially all Baconians, should read his book, in which, as I have said, the best explanation that I know is to be found. The interpretation, however, is secreted, it is lying *perdu* in Mr. Massey's text, it is not announced, and it is not Mr. Gerald Massey's own. He is hopelessly and, as usual, acrimoniously prejudiced on the question of authorship, and consequently his theory, as he holds it, must appear ridiculous to any Baconian, and, one would think, to anyone moderately acquainted with the state of society in the Elizabethan age. Adapted, however, to the Baconian theory it is reasonable. To suppose that the plebeian playwright, William Shakspere, was the bosom friend, the household intimate of Lord Southampton, —almost sharing bed and board with him,—a participator in all his secrets and friendships,—enjoying the same social advantages as those reserved for the bluest blood in England ; to imagine that the proud aristocrat permitted the despised actor to help him in his most private intrigues, to assist his wooing and write love poems for him, and enter into the most hidden arcana of his life, appears to me totally irreconcilable with all that we know of the social life of England at that time, and the barriers of class, and caste, and privilege which divided the upper from the lower and lowest sections of society. The fact, however, that such explanations really derive considerable support from a critical analysis of the Sonnets simply raises the question of authorship from another point of view, and adds another pillar to the Baconian edifice. For the absolutely impossible intimacy which Mr. Gerald Massey assumes to have existed between Lord Southampton and the actor, who, however deserving in himself, was legally a vagabond and socially an outcast, becomes a rational and entirely satisfactory hypothesis, if Francis Bacon's personality is sub-

stituted for that of William Shakspere; and if we read Francis Bacon's name between the lines of Mr. Gerald Massey's book there is very little in it which may not be taken as reasonable and plausible. My impression is that the personal history of Francis Bacon, and especially his relations with the queen and Lord Essex (who must in many of the Sonnets be substituted for Mr. Gerald Massey's hero, Lord Southampton) supply the key to many of the personal allusions of the Sonnets, and throw a flood of light on their meaning. These biographic facts, in the first place, justify the supposition that many of these poems are dramatic in character, written by the poet not for his own case but for that of others. This, we know, was Bacon's very constant practice. He himself refers to it more than once in his "Essex Apology," and many of the letters published in "Spedding's Life" were originally used, as their own compositions, by Essex, Walsingham, Anthony Bacon, and others. Moreover, his relations with Essex were so close and confidential that the obvious references to love affairs and love scandals in these poems is not in the least inconsistent with what we know of the terms of intimacy that existed between them.

The character of Essex, and the way in which it exhibited itself in his public action and in his intercourse with the queen, is one of the most strikingly individual portraits in English history. The queen's affection for him was so strong that no excess of waywardness and no rude behaviour of the testy favourite could permanently alienate him from her. They were perpetually quarrelling, and perpetually "making it up." Never was there a more apt instance of the proverb *iræ amantium redintegratio amoris*. At these times it is certain that Bacon did all he could to heal the ruptures which the petulance of his friend had occasioned. Some of these efforts at reconciliation we know; it is not at all likely that we know all, and it is not improbable that he would occasionally put the apologies and self-reproach of Essex into a poetic shape. All the group of Sonnets from 109 to 125 might have thus originated. We know that in his sulky moods Essex would absent himself from court for a considerable time, but he could not do this permanently; his "home of love" (109) was always there. If he has "gone here and there" in his fantastic, fitful moodiness—a "motley" spectacle, gnawed and tormented by his own fret-

fulness, throwing away the best treasures of his heart—"gored his own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear"; yet "these blenches" only confirmed his old affections, and in almost abject terms he pleads for his restoration:—

> "Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
> Even to thy pure and most most loving breast."—(110).

He excuses himself because of the brand which fortune has put upon him as one immersed in public business (111). He has lost reputation by his follies, but this "vulgar scandal" he despises:—

> "You are my all the world, and I must strive
> To know my shames and praises from your tongue.—(112).

And so on. It is not difficult to see the testy humour of Essex reflected more or less clearly in the entire group referred to.

Let me here parenthetically note that the same individuality, the same "humorous predominance" so characteristic of Essex—

> "His pettish lunes, his ebbs, his flows, as if
> The passage and whole carriage of this action
> Rode on his tide"(*Tro. Cres.* II. iii. 139)—

may, I believe, be detected in the portraiture of Achilles (see *Tro. Cres.* II. iii. 83—277). The conference between him and Ulysses might well represent the kind of schooling which Bacon would use in his interviews with Essex (III. iii. 70—215). Bacon might have taken leave of Essex, after one of these conferences in the words of Ulysses,—

> "Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;
> The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break" (III. iii. 214).

We also know that Bacon in his own proper person interceded with the queen on behalf of his friend, and with such unwearied importunity that he even brought down on his own head some of the queen's displeasure. Let it be imagined (the supposition is by no means far-fetched) that on one of these occasions the queen, resenting his persistance, vented her annoyance in some such terms as this: "Mr. Bacon, your pleading for your friend is something too urgent; you almost give your own orders for his release. Am I the queen, or am I not? Is my will to prevail or yours?" And Bacon, with the consummate

tact which carried him through so many straight passages in his dealings with royalty, replied:—

"Nay, my gracious mistress, I am not your ruler but your slave. You were wont to call me your 'watch-candle,' and I must wait patiently for your decision, not attempt to control it, as I once told you in a Sonnet you were gracious enough to accept,—

> 'Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
> Whilst I, my sovereign, *watch the clock for you.*'—(57).

I grieve that my intercession should vex you; but, gracious lady, I seek not to govern your will, but to persuade it. My will is nothing, even all my troublesome wishes are lost in the largeness of your sovereignty, and serve not to slay your will but to augment its great volume."

The next day this apology came to the queen in the following poetic address:—

> "Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy will,
> And will to boot, and will in overplus:
> More than enough am I that vex thee still,
> To thy sweet will making addition thus.
> Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
> Not once vouchsafe to hide thy will in mine?
> Shall will in others seem right gracious,
> And in my will no fair acceptance shine?
> The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
> And in abundance addeth to his store;
> So thou, being rich in will, add to thy will
> One will of mine, to make thy large will more.
> Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill,
> Think all but one, and me in that one will."—(135).

This little bit of fiction is strictly founded on fact, and it makes the whole poem luminously clear, which would otherwise be almost unintelligible. The same strain, even more apologetic, is continued in 136.

Bacon's own relations with the queen are reflected in this Sonnet, and in many others. Her estrangement and his loyalty, which no injustice on her part can alter, may be read in 55—62 and 87—93, especially in 57 and 58.

In the "Discourse in Praise of the Queen" (Device: *Life I.* 126),

among other excellent qualities, Bacon celebrates the equanimity with which she fronted the attempts made upon her life, and the warlike preparations of foreign enemies: "With such majesty of countenance, such mildness and serenity of gesture, such art and impression of words, ... it was not seen that her cheer, her fashion, her ordinary manner was anything altered; not a cloud of that storm did appear in that countenance wherein peace did ever shine." And precisely the same unchanging serenity of temper and feature is described in the 93rd and 94th Sonnets:—

> "For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
> Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
> In many's looks the false heart's history
> Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange.
> But heaven in thy creation did decree
> That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
> Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
> Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell" (93).

The Sonnets have been a happy hunting ground for many dreamers and guessers. But some highly orthodox and respectable Shakespearean critics have surpassed all outsiders in their curious speculations on what is termed the rival poet. This series of Sonnets includes those from 78 to 86, inclusive. Rival poets may also be distantly alluded to in 38. The critics have been unusually busy with these Sonnets. Mr. Gerald Massey is quite sure that the rival poet was Marlowe. Dr. Mackay thinks it was Dante Malone supposed Spenser to be the rival. Minto pronounces it to be Chapman, for which happy thought Dr. Furnivall instantly puts him on a pedestal of lasting renown and chants resounding pæans in honour of the immortal discovery.

Now, when we turn to the text—and let me request my readers to study these nine Sonnets very carefully before advancing any further,—we find the following facts not obscurely intimated:—

1. The rival poets are not one but many—quite a company of them—the sonneteer himself being the model for their imitation. These "alien pens" (not a very submissive way of naming them) have "got my use." In "others' works," as well as his own, the subject of his poetry is praised.—(78).

2. These rivals are "alien pens"—intruders into his province—

more obtrusive than he dares to be, for their ostentatious homage puts him to silence; they out-voice him, for he will not condescend to complete with them on their own terms. "*Their* gross painting" really dishonours the subject of it; "in thee it is abused" (82, 83, 84, 85).

3. It follows that he does not retreat from this rivalry with any real sense of inferiority, but rather in contemptuous disdain of the unworthy comparison between his truth and their hollow pretence, which will be forgotten while his praise shall never cease to be remembered.—(78, 79, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85).

4. Their praises are superficial, as well as artificial, and insincere—"gross painting," "strained touches." It is true that they gain some merit from the subject they have chosen, but this only improves their "style." Their learning and courtly grace derives a "double majesty" from their subject. But he is touched more deeply, and his work has a higher value:—

> "Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
> Whose influence is thine, and born with thee:
> In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
> And arts with thy sweet graces graced be:
> But thou art all my art, and dost advance,
> As high as learning, my rude ignorance."—(78).

This depreciation of his rivals is most abundantly reiterated. Their compliments are unreal "breath of words; it is the conventional utterance of

> Dedicated words which writers use,
> Of their fair subject, blotting every book (82).

They owe their success to fashion—"some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days." Their "strained touches," their inflated "rhetoric," ought not to be preferred to the "true plain words," the "truly sympathizing" speech of a "true-telling friend."

5. Unfortunately his mistress has a depraved appetite for exactly the sort of false praise which these writers bring; this it is which gives them their opportunity (86 couplet). She blames his silence and imputes it to him as "a sin" (83), for she is "fond on praise"—*i.e.*, she wooes Praise the handmaid, instead of Virtue the mistress (see Promus, 70) and this is a fault which is to her "a curse," for it

damages the eulogy which is offered to her. But he is content to bear this censure of his "dumbness and silence" (83), for he knows that "*others* would give life and bring a tomb" (83). These scribblers cannot confer real immortality: that is reserved for his nobler verse (81).

6. But although he is silenced by these pretenders, he makes his mental comments upon them; he is looking on scornfully. For the sake of good "manners" he is tongue-tied, while he is compelled to listen to "comments of your praise richly compiled," written with a "golden quill" (perhaps he means that the poetic compliment is bought by some golden consideration), and "precious phrase by all the muses filed." But if he is silent, he "thinks good thoughts while others write good words," and as he listens to "every hymn that able spirit affords," he contemptuously joins in the responses like an "unlettered clerk," and says, "Amen"; or, like a drawing-room toady, he gives a polite assent, "'Tis so! 'tis true!" and perhaps puts in an additional touch of his own (85). But he really despises this "breath of words," and knows that his own "dumb thoughts, speaking in effect," are better than all that a "modern quill"*—*i.e.*, a common, trivial, ordinary writer can indite.

7. If, in this crowd of rival poets, one is pre-eminent, it is only that his swelling self-assertion may be more keenly satirized; not that he inspires any more respect than the "others." This pompous person seems to have been most accepted, and accordingly, with admirable raillery, with inimitable mock-homage, the poet makes his salaam before this august presence. "Oh, how he faints!" when thus confronted; he is quite "tongue-tied," as he was before the rest of them, when he behaved like an "unlettered clerk." He sees before him a

* The expression "modern quill," is, by some interpreters, supposed to refer to the comparative antiquity of the rival poet. But this is not the meaning. The word *Modern* occurs about ten times in Shakespeare, and not once with any of that time-signification which it bears in our present usage. It always means ordinary, common-place, trivial. Thus: "Violent sorrow seems a modern ecstasy." "Wise saws and modern instances." "Our philosophical persons make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless." This last sentence evidently means "Our Sciolists explain away things supernatural and make them commonplace. &c. So invariable is this usage that I do not see how the sense of *recent* can be attached even as a secondary or sub-meaning.

stately vessel, riding on the "soundless deep" of his lady's merits, while he, a "saucy bark," ventures to float on the same "broad main," wilfully braving a comparison with this "tall building and of goodly pride," and running the risk of being run down and of sinking under the gigantic structure :—

> "Then if he thrive, and I be cast away,
> The worst was this,—my love was my decay."—(80).

This evidently means that love is rejected by the lady who is so "fond on praise," and pompous adulation is accepted, instead.

8. But, lest there should be any mistake, lest his pretended self-abasement should be mistaken for defeat, his scornful sense of superiority breaks out in the 86th Sonnet :—

> "Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
> Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
> That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
> Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?"

Was he "struck dead" because this tall person pretended by the help of spirits—(some "affable familiar ghost"!)—to write with a more than mortal elevation? Was he, as well as his rival, to be "gulled" by the nightly visits of this communicative spectre? Not he! he is not to be intimidated or "astonished" * out of his self-possession by any such tricks. "I was not sick"—(he writes almost in the slang of a modern schoolboy)—"of any fear from thence." The only reason of his defeat was that his deluded lady allowed herself to be imposed upon by such a rival :—

> "But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
> Then lacked I matter; that enfeebled mine."—(86).

So that he is only suppressed for a time. He belongs to the future; his fame is immortal.

It is difficult to imagine any one but the Queen who could at that

* Compare Bacon's letter to the king advising him to call another parliament. In this letter one of the objections combated is the rivalry of a former and a successful parliament, and Bacon repeats the expression of the Sonnet, in which an analogous rivalry is referred to: "But they will say the experience and success of the last two parliaments doth intimidate and *astonish* them to try the same means again."—*Life*, v. 176.

time have been the cynosure of so many grandiloquent admirers. And doubtless the "air of the Court" is the atmosphere which surrounds the whole poetic situation. Perhaps a better acquaintance with the personality of the Queen's Court might enable us to identify some of these loquacious poetasters who filled her ears with flattery and pandered to her appetite for praise. Certainly our poet's satire on them is couched in the most delicate form of hidden raillery, worthy of Thackeray's best fooling, when he affects the most solemn respect for the pomp and aristocratic grandeur which he inwardly despises,—bowing and bowing and bowing, with cringing reiteration and simulated awe, till the very extravagance of his homage betrays its satirical intent. And yet one would suppose that the satire is not too subtle for a keen nineteenth century critic to penetrate. It is indeed surprising that the critics, one and all, have failed to see the joke. Still more do I wonder that any genuine admirer of Shakespeare could imagine that he, of all poets, could seriously profess himself inferior to any of the rivals that are supposed to have discouraged or daunted him. Even Dante or Spenser could not have crushed out the heart of "Shakespeare"; but to suppose that young Marlowe (as we know his works) or Chapman could have done so is too marvellous for permissible comment.

For, of all poets that ever lived, not one ever made more confident appeals to posterity, never did any poet more triumphantly discount the immortality of which he was absolutely assured. If we only take the couplets of his Sonnets, this assurance of lasting renown is more or less clearly expressed in nearly a score of them—in Nos. 15, 17, 18, 19, 54, 55, 60, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, 101, 104, 107, 123. And in many of the Sonnets the vision of future fame is the leading idea of the entire poem, as in Nos. 55, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, and 101.

This very marked characteristic of the Sonnets is another reason for attributing to many of them a dramatic character. The poet who was so proudly conscious of future fame could not, in his own person, have written 71 and 72; the bold claimant to lasting renown could not have said on his own account—

> "For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,
> And so should you, to love things nothing worth."—(72).

This mood, however, does not last long, for when we pass

on to the next Sonnet the dramatic *entourage* has changed. Bacon is speaking for himself, and the very premature consciousness of old age which led him, when comparatively a young man, to write, "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass," expresses its sense of antiquity in the dejected minor strain,—

> "That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."—(73).

But the strong grasp on futurity remains—we soon hear the note of triumph mingling with the sense of physical decay; his "line" will live after his body has passed away: Let that which is to be the "prey of worms," or the "coward conquest of a wretch's knife"—be forgotten :—

> "The worth of that is that which it contains,
> And that is this, and this with thee remains."—(74).

This anticipation of immortality is one of the most characteristic marks of the poetic temperament, and the same bold appropriation of future fame is remarkably characteristic of Bacon. That proud appeal to posterity which pervades the Sonnets (it could not have found equally clear expression in the dramas or the other poems) finds equally articulate voice in Bacon's Will, and in the frequent professions which he makes that his writings are intended to secure "merit and memory" in succeeding ages, even if he and they are neglected or misunderstood by his contemporaries. There is a magnificent audacity in some of these declarations which is only paralleled by the equally daring prophesies of these poems. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is one that has not hitherto been specially noticed. In Bacon's Dedication of his "Advancement of Learning" to the King, he refers to the fortune and accomplishments of that variously gifted monarch as uniting "the power and fortune of a King, the knowledge and illumination of a Priest, and the learning and universality of a Philosopher"; and then he refers to his own work in these most astonishing terms: "This propriety [*i.e.*, property or characteristic], inherent, and individual attribute in your Majesty, deserveth

to be expressed, not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history and tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in SOME SOLID WORK, FIXED MEMORIAL, AND IMMORTAL MONUMENT, BEARING A CHARACTER OR SIGNATURE BOTH OF THE POWER OF A KING, AND THE DIFFERENCE AND PERFECTION OF SUCH A KING. *Therefore I did conclude with myself that I could not make unto your Majesty a better oblation than of some treatise tending to that end.*"

A more majestic and poetic anticipation of immortality never issued from human pen. It could only have come from the same pen which, a few years before, had written :

" You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)
Where breath most breathes,—even in the mouths of men."—(81).

" Thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."—(107).

Not often in straightforward prose do we meet with the Horatian vaunt:

" Exegi monumentum ære perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impoteus
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum."

But Bacon is equal to this immense self-consciousness, which, in an inferior writer, would be insufferable audacity. There is nothing inconsistent with what we know of his own self-estimation in supposing that he, and he alone in that age, was capable of this proud utterance :

" Not marble, nor the gilded ornaments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.
When wasteful wars shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Not Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room
Even in the eyes of all posterity,
That wear the world out to the ending doom."—(55).

R. M. T.

SECRET MARKS IN PRINTING.

PART OF A PAPER BY MRS. HENRY POTT, AT THE SOMERVILLE CLUB, NOV. 7, 1893, AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

PRINTED BY REQUEST.

"*Everything is subtile till it be conceived.*"—*Promus.*
"*All difficulties are easy when they are known.*"—M. M. iv. 2.

I WISH to interest you this evening in some curious matters connected with printing which have come under my notice in consequence of other studies. I think that a great deal grows from these apparently trifling particulars, and I shall be very glad if some of you will lend me your eyes and your ears, to assist in confirming or confuting my statements. I do not ask or wish anyone to believe without examination, and indeed I am not sure that we can really and truly believe anything which we have been at no pains to examine and understand.

"He that ne'er doubted never half believed."

And so I ask you to let my words sit loose upon you, but all the same resolve to test them by observation, and not to wrap yourselves in prejudice which would clog any efforts towards further advance or discovery.

Bacon notes in his *Promus*, that "Everything is subtile till it be conceived," and *Shakespeare*, in *Measure for Measure*, tells us that "All difficulties are easy when they are known." The two axioms, though antithetical, or considering the question from opposite sides, coincide and confirm each other. I think that you will by-and-bye agree with me that these curiosities of printing are some of the inventions to which Bacon alluded when he said that, "First men will not believe that any such thing can be found, and when it is found out, cannot understand how the world can have missed it so long."

It is in connection with my belief that Francis Bacon was the pivot and centre, if not the actual inaugurator of the English Renaissance, that all matters connected with the making, printing, and publishing of books appear to me of such immense importance, if we would truly and honestly study the history of English literature from the

time of Elizabeth. This history, closely followed into the recesses of the great printing houses and the great paper mills, from that time to this, discloses the perpetuation of traditional, secret marks, signs, or symbols, the same to this very hour as they were in Elizabeth's reign—marks and signs proving the existence in our midst of the same great Secret Society which, planned, perhaps, by Sir Nicholas Bacon and his friends, before Francis was born, fell to him, with his extraordinary powers of mind, his enthusiasm, energy, and sanguine imagination, to make practical and enduring.

We know now, that Francis Bacon founded the great scientific institution afterwards incorporated as the "Royal Society." Strange, is it not, that this simple but highly important fact should remain screened from the public eye, and that all ordinary books should nourish the belief that the Society was of a much later date? The only reasonable explanation is found in the other fact that, evidently in close connection with this Scientific Society and its various ramifications, was a great secret League, or Brotherhood, bound, "in times dark and dangerous," by solemn vows of mutual aid and support, and which later on became known by the name of the Free-masons. I need not say that a Brotherhood or Guild of *Masons*, in the true sense, had existed long before. To them we owe our beautiful old churches. They perpetuated the symbolism of the most ancient religions, using it partly as a means of self-protection, partly as a means of instruction, and mutual understanding amongst their own circle. Francis Bacon evidently borrowed from this earlier mysticism much of his own symbolic language in connection with the building up of his Palace of Truth, his new Solomon's House. But to-night we have no concern with the sacred mysteries of Egypt, Greece, Chaldea, or India, nor even with the Knights Templars, nor with the old religious architects and their own special secrets, although I may remark that the architects seem to have coalesced with the Freemasons so-called—Bacon's Society for the Advancement of Learning, the re-formers and re-builders of everything in science, literature, philosophy, and even religion.

The Baconian Brotherhood consisted (and I think consists) in its lower grades, of artificers and handicraftsmen, together with all sorts and conditions of men who become members for much the same

reason as men join any Benefit Club, or Association for purposes charitable or social. The majority have *no secrets*, excepting the supposed secrets about their ceremonies, many of which once, no doubt, impressive and astonishing, are now ludicrous anacronisms, and consequently are being gradually discontinued. But craftsmen in the various branches of paper-making, printing, and engraving have, as you will see, traditional secrets of which the lower degrees of Masons understand neither the origin nor the meaning, though they put these secret marks into nearly every book.

I ask you to look at Plate I. Nos. 1—20 are Letters and Stops taken from the *Times*, *Standard*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *St. James's Gazette*, *Pall Mall*, *Daily News*, and others. But almost any newspaper would serve our turn and show these marks.

How many persons in this room have hitherto observed that their daily paper contains at least three marks in its headlines? The letters in Plate I. show a white spot in one of the large letters. But some papers, like the *St. James's*, have frequently three headlines in which a small piece seems to be punched out of the capital J's in pages, *after* the title. Others, like the *Standard*, the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Literary World* vary the letters out of which they punch their dots, or mutilate certain letters on a system, as you may see by specimens in this album. These marks gave rise to much controversy. First I was assured that *they did not exist.* When this was refuted by large collections of these slips, it was said that they were the mere results of wearing in the type, "batters," "set-offs," and I know not what besides. When the magnifiers disproved this, and I appealed for explanations to gentlemen connected with publishing houses (but *not printers*), they pitied my simplicity, seemed quite sorry that a woman of ordinary common sense should credit such things as feasible or possible. "Have you *ever* witnessed the printing of a newspaper, the speed, pressure under which it is done? Think of the trouble, the expense of putting in such marks, and to what end," &c., &c. But I continued my appeals, and the slips were submitted to experts and chief printers. Then the answers took a different tone. "I do not know," said one gravely, "how you can have been told that these marks are batters or accidents; it would not be true of me to say so." He volunteered no explanation,

Plate 1.

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expressed astonishment that the marks should have been observed, and on being pressed to explain their object, said that in the present day they are used as a means of identifying the printers. Another gentleman, a publisher, who discredited the whole thing, kindly took a collection of such strips to the editor of the newspaper which contained them. Editor, like publisher, discredited the spots, but was so noble as to refer the matter to his chief printer, calling upon him to clear up the matter. I hold the reply in my hand. It begins, "The lady is right; there are eight such marks used in your office," and he said much the same as to their use being to identify the printer. I leave it to your judgment to decide if this could have been the *original* object of a system pronounced by all but printers themselves to be impracticable or very costly, or why, *if* the printers are to be identified, they should all use marks so much alike, and why any mystery in the matter? My own theory is that, by traditional obligation, Freemason printers assert their presence, and testify that, consciously or unconsciously, they are still aiding to hand down the Lamp of Tradition, and to carry out the plans of their great founder. By inserting such marks they also enlighten other Masons, and I think it probable that 300 years ago the brotherhood were bound to aid in the dissemination of books thus identified.

Some newspapers, especially those professedly literary, the *Athenæum*, *Examiner*, *Spectator*, *Literary World*, &c, and some Church papers, the *Guardian*, *Church Times*, and others, affect, instead of the spotted letters, broken lines or *Rules*, of which you may see examples, Plate I., 21. This mark somewhat resembles the "Morse Alphabet" used in Telegraphy. It is to be seen in the catalogue slips of the British Museum and other great libraries, and in the bars of music in the Richter Libretti, and is a much modified form of the broken rule lines of fine old books, where the type is excellent and the whole expensively produced. Here are some such on the table. But the most glaring specimens I have met with are in books of cipher, or evidently containing cipher. One such is the 1st edition of "*Mercury, or the Swift and Secret Messenger*" (an anonymous book of ciphers afterwards fathered upon Dr. Wilkin), and in the "*Feminine Monarchie of Bees*," attributed to Butler, where "The Bees' Madrigal" is full of marvellous breaks and irregularities. In

Richter's Libretti and in the musical passage which illustrate an article on "The Abolition of Musical Clefs," in the *Universal Review*, June 15th, 1889, these breaks are most delicately made, though a magnifier shows them to be of precisely the same kind as those which stare us in the face (pretending to be imperfections) in printed books 300 years old.

When, years ago, I was examining such so-called errors in printing, I observed certain dots or spots which at first I thought accidental, but which I soon perceived were made with a purpose. For months, years, to the amusement of my friends and the detriment of my eyes, I pursued these dots and spots, and registered their presence and appearance. I wanted to find out when they ceased to appear, but never could reach that date, for they continue until to-day.

Some of these spots were rusty red, some scarlet, others translucent, as if made with white wax, more rarely with green wax, and these sometimes carefully rayed round with pen and ink. Under a magnifying glass the black and red spots often assumed definite shapes, such as you may see in the lower part of Plate I., and which I will presently describe.

You will not wonder that as these and other matters more astonishing came under my eyes, I took note of all that I saw, and made the most strenuous efforts to obtain information and elucidation. I drew diagrams of the figures found under the microscope, in modern Bibles and Books of Common Prayer especially, and submitted them to many sharp eyes in libraries, book-shops, literary circles, and elsewhere. By the advice of the chief librarian at the British Museum, I sent some of the drawings to the Clarendon Press, at Oxford, to the Queen's printers, and to others in whose publications the marks were found, explaining the course of my investigations and my object in inquiring, adding that I did not ask *how* these marks were made, or *why*, but whether it were not true that they were *intentionally* inserted into the books? The answers which I received would amuse you, as they still amuse me whenever I read them. One and all are ingenious arrangements of words, framed to evade the giving of any information to the point, whilst at the same time steering clear of positive untruth. Not one contradicts or discredits my statements or the conclusions drawn from observation.

Not one hints that the marks are not as I described them. But it was asked, Was I aware that books kept in damp places develop vegetable growths? or that paper imperfectly made has a tendency to form crystals? Some writers enforced the impracticability, others the immense expense of such a system as I claim to exist—wondered what could have made me seek for such things, or how I first noticed them? One expressed surprise that I should find more spots in Bibles than in other books—(I had not said so). All conveyed, with varied euphuisms, regrets that they were unable to aid my researches, "*could not tell*" how the spots and dots came into their books.

One famous firm did not answer my letter. I wrote again, requesting that if they were bound by any obligation not to give such information, they would, in token, send back my first letter. A courteous apology for delay was returned; they "had no alternative but to comply with the suggestion contained" in my Second Letter, *and they enclosed the First.*

And so we may visit printing houses or paper mills, may flatter ourselves that we have seen every process in the production of a book or a newspaper, and yet there is much behind. Try to get direct and unequivocal answers about our marks, or about the early history of paper-making and printing, and you will presently come up against a dead wall. Those who had been most forward in giving information will become evasive, obtuse, or perhaps annoyed.

I will recapitulate the chief marks in the old books, reproduced and modified in the present day. Each of these is intended to pass as one of the many mishaps or ills to which books are heir, through carelessness or the destructiveness of time. But the true observer will soon be satisfied that these are products of design and care, not of chance or carelessness.

(1) In the margins of pages, or in the open eye of letters such as B, C, O, &c, are to be seen such dots, like stops. These Dots are not Blots. Blots, the more you magnify them, the more blotty they look; but our Dots are neat and compact. Sometimes they manifestly form part of a cipher system, with which we are not now concerned, but often they take, as I have said, definite shapes, especially when examined under magnifiers of various powers. Here the question of *eyes* comes in. Yet I have seldom found any

difference of opinion as to the *shape* of the dot, when the observer was capable of using a magnifying glass and a Coddington lens.

The most common shapes of the black dots are Suns, Roses, Trefoil, and Fleur-de-lis, Maltese Crosses, Crowns, and in modern books, Hearts and Acorns. But I will return to these things presently. The white spot on those black capital letters, seems now to fill the place of the old round Black Dot.

(2) But there are also Dots of Scarlet or Rust, and these magnify into such forms as I have mentioned, with the Bud, Lotus, Lotus-leaf, and Olive, and other symbols which trace their pedigree from Egyptain philosophy, whence, if I mistake not, Francis Bacon derived many ideas which he grafted into the Symbolic and Parabolic language of his Secret Society. Freemasons will recognise the significance of these symbols. Amongst them are the mystic numbers 4, 5, and 7, notes of Exclamation and Interrogation, Colons, and various Cabalistic marks.

In this little copy of the Book of the Revelations there is, chap. x. ver. 1, a blur in the word *rainbow*, between the r and the a. This blur, when magnified, shows the letters *R C* in italic capitals, as if written with scarlet ink. In another copy I found a tiny R S (Roman capitals) in black in the margin. The explanation suggested with regard to these letters was that *they might be the initials of the printer*, and that there were two or three printers between the reigns of Elizabeth and James II. whose initials were R. C. or C. R. But as this little book was recently published in Northumberland-avenue, I did not see the point of this remark, and (of course) preferred my own theory, that these letters R. C., R. S., are only some amongst many indications—"subtile till they be conceived," "easy when they are known"—by which we may trace the progress and existence of the true brethren of the Rosie Cross—the very top and acmé of the Freemason Pyramid.

(3) *Dots of white wax*, formerly as large as a finger-tip, now fine as a pin's-head, are very common. Much rarer are the

(4) *Spots of green wax*, of a dark emerald green, and sometimes in old books rayed round with a pen. I thought these spots extinct, until I came upon one in a reprint of Fuller's "*Good Thoughts in Bad Times*"—which is here on the table. Since finding this, I have

spied several others in reprints of old books. The spots seem now to be made with some lac, or green varnish.

(5) Knots, or raised spots, are made in old books by the insertion of particles of glass, quartz, or sand, &c. I have read that the object of this mark is that an initiate may recognise the nature of a book *by the touch*, and in the dark.

(6) Next I must mention the *spluttering*. In old books this is made apparently with a pen or fine paint brush dipped in red paint. There are several such books on the table, and a prayer-book, in which you will see how the modern Bookmakers (Binders, I think) substitute for the old style a sprinkling of red dots, such as is made by passing a wet brush across a comb. In America black dots are sometimes *printed* to imitate this; at least here are four of five copies of a book in which all the fly-leaves at the end are thus uniformly marked.

We are meant to suppose this red spluttering to be caused by the running-in of paint from the red edges. See for yourselves if that holds good.

(7) Quitting the subject of Dots and Spots I ought yet not to omit the marks in gold and silver, or in iridescent metal, which seem to be of recent invention. A great many of these have been inserted into my own book, lately published in America, and some seem intended to represent Suns and Roses. Now you are doubtless aware that people who have not gone too deeply into a subject are ever the readiest to give positive opinions upon it; as for instance, Shakespearians who have studied least about Francis Bacon, are the most positive that he did not write the Plays. Well, as soon as I discovered these Golden Suns, I was peremptorily assured that "*of course*" they were mere accidental sheddings of particles of gold-leaf from the lettering of the binding. Although I in no way believed this explanation, I sat down for a while under the shadow of that "of course," but with my eyes wider open than before. Not long afterwards I found a beautiful golden spot in the *Standard* newspaper, and since then, bidding good-bye to "of course," I have traced a number of these golden or iridescent Suns in newspapers, and quite recent books. Lately I was delighted to find in a folio copy of Dante's Great Poems (translated by Cary, and illustrated by Doré) a

perfect little *Silver* crescent, raised to the touch, and large enough to be easily seen. Is it, do you think, impossible or improbable that this silver crescent in such a book may symbolise to the initiated the *Light in the Night* of the First or Italian Renaissance, the attempt to revive learning in the midnight of ignorance? Is it impossible that the Suns now appearing, symbolise in like manner the full Day—a Day in which the full Light of Truth is to be let in upon humanity, and invited to shine on the Cottage as well as in the Palace? These things are to be thought of and examined into—not to be made subjects of dogmatism, or of pedantic assertion.

(8) I leave the spots and dots, with the remark that the Seals and wafers found in some old books (and of which here is one in the "Guida Fedele") may perchance be replaced in present days by the red edges, red bindings, and other red marks, which usually accompany Rosicrucian and Religious publications. The object of all these being, as it seems, to indicate the source whence the book emanates, so that educated members of the society shall at a glance recognise such publications, and help the cause by purchasing and disseminating them. Certainly Baconian books are preeminently distinguished by such marks, and if presently you care to look at these volumes from the Letters, Life, and Works of Francis Bacon, you will see how clear and varied are the little branch marks which pervade this edition of 1861 onwards, by James Spedding. In one volume are ten such marks, no two alike. . . .

I turn for a few minutes to another class of Freemason marks, in which, I think, the Book-binders are concerned.

(9) The diagrams on Plate II. represent *foldings*, sometimes as at No. 1. Simple; as Iachimo would say—"Here the leaf's turned down"—or in sequence, each turned corner being graduated in size from small to large—or the folds are backwards and forwards in complicated creases, as in Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5.

In old books all these were very common, and often much larger than in our reduced fac-similes. Modern books reproduce these strange marks on a very diminutive scale, and by some mechanical means, such as by pushing a fine wire between the pages when the book is bound and under pressure—at least so I judge from experiments made upon books fixed in a letter-press.

Now the first impulse of experienced observers to whom such folds are pointed out, is to declare them nought—"mere dog's ears"—it is, therefore, best to say at once, that this idea is *proveably* erroneous. I have books on the table which prove this.

The folds are neatly made, and hot-pressed. Sometimes they are sized or pasted, so as to prevent them from being upraised and flattened. Here is a copy of Dr. Abbott's "Bacon," and here a story book, published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, where the folds are thus treated. Also in books, where for appearance sake it may be thought unwise to introduce them, they are well imitated by diagonal indentations made across the pages or corners. These indentations represent the creases which would have remained had the corner been folded in one or more creases, and afterwards unfolded and flattened out. . . .

When friendly Freemasons connected with printing or paper-making establishments have been earnestly pressed to say whether such conclusions as I have laid before you are *incorrect*, whether the idea that these things are matters of design is *a delusive idea*, whether such folds, curved bends, and tearings are *intentional*, and inserted with a purpose, the answers have been uniformly evasive, or else tacitly consenting to the fact that such things are *not* accidents, but that they *are* part of a system.

And, indeed, were this otherwise—if, I say, it were a delusion to suppose that these marks are the systematic products of a secret society—what possible objection could there be to the fulfilment of my repeated and urgent request to be told if I were wrong? I, and all who have shared my researches, have had but one aim and one wish—to get at the truth, and we have observed that no one supposed to be an authority, no one whose opinion on such subjects has the smallest claim to respect, has ever scouted our theories or denied our conclusions. Clearly we are right in part, if not in all, and those who really know about these things are too honourable to assert otherwise. Indeed, one gentleman at the head of a distinguished firm of printers, being challenged to declare why he allowed Spots, Dots, and Folds to be put into his books, hastily replied: "What folds?—Do you mean this sort of thing?" and pleated up the corner of his table napkin much as in Nos. 2 and 3.

The girls who fold the sheets in printing offices are generally taxed with causing these "imperfections" in new books—"The folders are very careless!" But not so. If the folders do this thing, they must be as methodical and persistent as their supervisors or "collators" are slack in overlooking them. Five copies which I possess of the "Globe Shakespeare," have the Glossary or the Introduction thus marked, albeit *the pages are uncut*, so that the fold had to be made through four thicknesses of paper. Machinery, as I said before, and *not* a folding girl, seems to have formed those difficult creases.

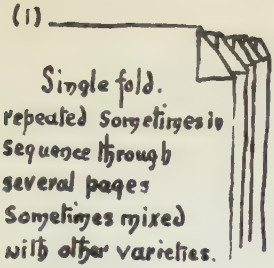
Until 1891 (I do not answer for subsequent editions) hardly a Bible, unless very distinctly marked in other ways, was to be found *without* these foldings. Handsome illustrated editions with gilt edges are not exempt. I spent some time at one of our great Bible depôts examining various editions, and horrified a young attendant by showing him the results of my researches. He seemed to think these marks a badge of disgrace, and a slur on the Society—"You will not, I am sure, find them in these fine Family Bibles, gilt edges and all, and so expensive." But, taking up the first that came to hand, and holding it so as to catch the light on the gilt margin, a slight irregularity was perceptible, and on opening the volume at that place we came upon a sequence of five turned pages. I cannot forget the surprised face of that young man.

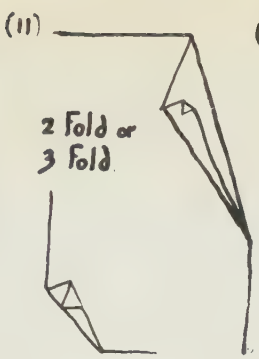
Where corners are not turned, curves are made in the edges of the margin, or sometimes the lower part of a page is pulled out from the binding and pleated or cut.

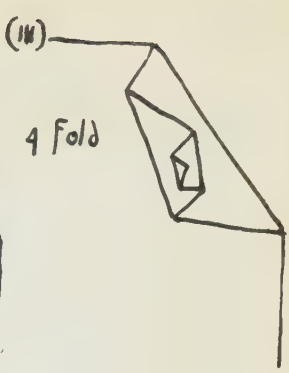
(11) Now please to look at No. 6 on Plate II. It represents a contracted diagram of a page from a book of the end of the 17th century, and shows the pear-shaped or horseshoe-shaped tear, from the margin towards the centre of the book. Sometimes in such instances the torn piece is removed, otherwise portions are folded back.

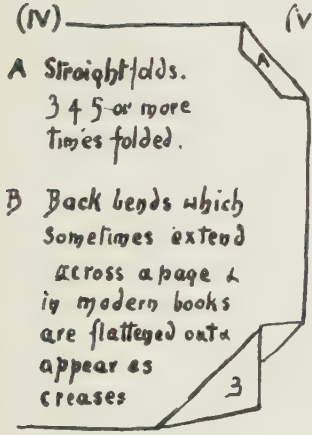
Here is an allegorical romance which professes to be a translation from the German of Wieland, and whose title, *Sylvio de Rosalba*, bespeaks its origin and ambiguous interpretation. The torn piece in pp. 87-88 is so large as practically to destroy the page. It matters not, for *a second page* 87-88 has been printed, and bound up in the original binding *after the Table of Contents*. This additional page is detached at the bottom and folded back from the binding.

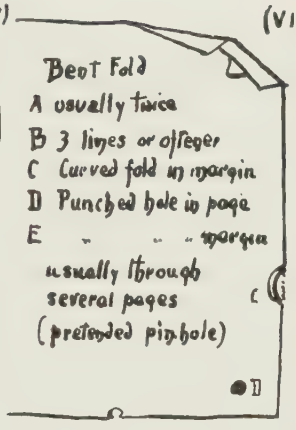
Plate II.

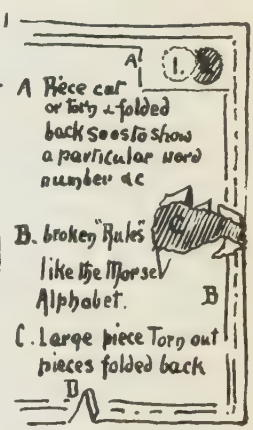

(I)
Single fold.
repeated Sometimes in
Sequence through
several pages
Sometimes mixed
with other varieties.


(II)
2 Fold or
3 Fold

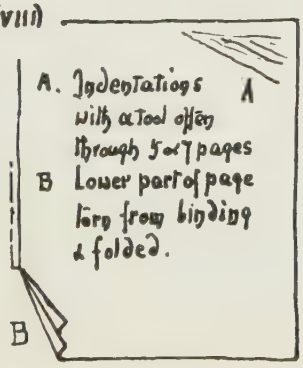

(III)
4 Fold

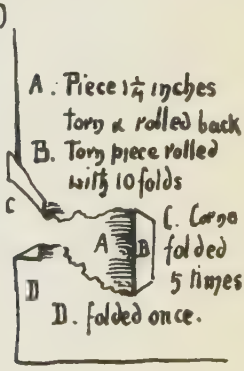

(IV)
A Straight folds.
3 4 5 or more
times folded.
B Back bends which
Sometimes extend
across a page &
in modern books
are flattened out &
appear as
creases
3


(V)
Bent Fold
A usually twice
B 3 times or oftener
C Curved fold in margin
D Punched hole in page
E " " " margin
usually through
several pages
(pretended pinhole)
C
D


(VI)
A
1.
A Piece cut
or torn & folded
back so as to show
a particular word
number &c
B. broken Rules
like the Morse
Alphabet.
B
C. Large piece Torn out
pieces folded back
D
D. Straight tear in margin.

(VII)
Folds as in
I. II. & III.


(VIII)
A. Indentations
with a tool often
through 5 or 7 pages
B Lower part of page
torn from binding
& folded.
A
B


(IX)
A. Piece 1¼ inches
torn & rolled back
B. Torn piece rolled
with 10 folds
C
C. Large
folded
5 times
A
B
D
D. folded once.

No. 9 on Plate II. shows how this extraordinary and deleterious mark is perpetuated. The example is from a copy of St. Luke's Gospel which I have here, and which was bought at the depôt of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Queen Victoria Street. Here, a strip 1¼ inches long is torn from the margin inwards, and rolled up, being pressed flat into 10 folds. The corner of the tear on the upper side is turned-in 5 times, and the lower corner once. A handsome Student's Bible from the S.P.C.K., given as a present to one of my family, was found to be similarly treated, and a chapter in the Book of the Revelations mutilated in a minor degree to this in *Sylvio de Rosalba*.

Commenting upon these facts to an assistant at the depôt, the prompt answer was given, "I am sure that in such cases we never make any difficulty about exchanging the Bibles;" a reply which assures me that "such cases" are of no uncommon occurrence. Yet a tear, narrow at the margin, and expanding in the page, could not happen by accident; to produce it is a matter of some delicacy. And further: in some books are pear-shaped holes torn in the midst of the type, and not near the margin. Elsewhere pieces are cut out over the page number, so as to expose a figure different from the true page number. In all such cases I have found, either arrangements made with a view to cipher, or exceedingly ingenious anagrams of the name Francis Bacon. I should have liked to show you some of these, but fear to do so on account of the books in which they are found. I have traced down to the present day, and find that these Anagrams are perpetuated, although by a more refined system than by tearing holes.* The anagrams are, I think, the most curious and interesting of the many devices by which the friends and successors of "*Our Francis*" (as he is called abroad) contrived to keep green the memory of their Great Master. These anagrams fulfil the further purpose of securing the feigned or suppositious author from the charges, in future ages, of cheating, of stealing or plagiarising the works of others.

With the name of Bacon, backwards and forwards anagrammatised —with type altered for the purpose, with holes, stains, &c., directing our eyes to the fact—it can never be fairly said that those who under-

* The tear and reprinted page in *Sylvio de Rosalba* are made to exhibit an anagram—Bacon.

took to edit, father, revise, and publish Bacon's accumulations of manuscripts, stole them, or were dishonest in their treatment of them. In one very short page of a letter dedicatory I found a remarkable letter **I**, and in a different part of the page another marked **I**. Laying a ruler from one to the other of these points, and drawing from one to the other, lines which are never discontinued excepting to turn an angle, I followed the clues, and on the lines thus ruled there appear letters forming on each line a word, thus: "*I Francis Bacon Lourd Verulam writ these treatises*," and other words with which I do not now trouble you. The important words are usually formed three times, as if to assure the seeker that he is right.

On several such pages I have been encouraged to the pursuit by the thrice-repeated occurrence on the lines of the word "*Dig*." Faithfully digging, I have never failed to find; but it is impossible, on such an occasion as the present, to exhibit these things, even were I not, as I have said, too cowardly to face such a letting-out of waters amidst strangers. . . . .

(12) The small holes punched in books of the 18th and 19th centuries may be modifications of the old tears. I have more than once been told that such small holes in old books are, "of course," merely weavil holes. If so, the weavil must be a beetle of exceptional intelligence, and of high literary tastes; because not only does he choose for his operations books of a certain class, but sometimes he even draws a line in some dark fluid round his perforations. He contrives to bore into the very centre of a book without having eaten his way thither, and he cuts his holes into various shapes—as a Heart, a Leaf, or a Letter. In the book which I hold, you may see at the marked page a capital **C** "weavilled" in minute dots in the centre of a stain.

As a rule, the "pin-holes" in modern books, seem in some degree to correspond to the "weavil" marks. Now and then they are amongst the type, and I have in three instances found them in additional strips, bound-in with the leaves. Here is a copy of a book of the New Testament thus treated. (The speaker here explained the symbolic meaning of the Colours Scarlet or Red, Green, Blue and Gold, with White and Black—the "Contraries of Good and Evil"—briefly running through the chief emblems used in the secret marks.

Want of space obliges us to omit this portion of the paper, which may be introduced on a future occasion.)

. . . . . .

Time, patience, good sight, and magnifiers of high and low powers, are needed for this research. To those who are unprovided with some or all of these, or who think "to find out all about it," by a hurried inspection, or (worse still) who come to the work with a mind resolved that "*of course* there is nothing in it"—to such let me say that their search will probably be fruitless, and that they will doubtless find more favourable scope for their abilities in other departments of knowledge.

But there must, I am sure, be many present who can both think and observe, and to such I say, "Come over and help us."

These small matters of printing and secret marking, of symbolism and ambiguous allusion, may appear insignificant; it may at first be difficult to grasp their connection with the great movement for the Advancement of Learning which I call the Baconian Renaissance, Bacon's "New Birth of Time." But the more we study these things, the more certainly we find a vast Chain welded with an infinite number of minute but strong links, and forming a clue which, from whatever part we grasp it, leads infallibly to the discovery of Francis Bacon—"the concealed man"—a clue to the labyrinth of his mighty and ubiquitous Society. To make this Great Organ or Engine, perfect and indestructible, it was necessary that every detail, even to the humblest part of the mechanism, should be perfect as human skill could make it. *Perfect*—Some wise man (Isaac d'Israeli, I think) says that "Little things produce Perfection, but Perfection is not a little thing.' In a similar strain Bacon tells us, not once but over and over again, that in order to arrive at *Generals*, we must begin with *Particulars*; first collect and examine into facts, before we begin to generalise and to build up theories.

And this is the bone which we Baconians have for the most part to pick with opponents, and sometimes, even with members of our own community. They do not sufficiently collect, sift, and examine all available facts before taking upon them the responsibility of pronouncing positive opinions. They are too ready to undervalue work in which they have taken no part. And truly, I may say, that

although many are found ready to talk, criticise, and denounce, there are too few who take the trouble to examine, weigh, and consider that very important "Other Side," which exists with regard to every question. And so I end by saying with someone in an old play:—

"Before you judge, be pleased to understand,"

and when you have read, weighed, and examined these things, if they have excited your interest, and roused your spirit of inquiry, come over and help us.

FRANCIS BACON'S METHOD.

"If this be madness yet there's method in it."—(*Ham. II.* 2.)

THOSE who know very little about the philosophy of Bacon, yet can usually tell thus much, that Bacon had a new "method," or system of his own, and that this method is inductive. Others, better informed, will allow with Mr. Ellis that "our knowledge of Bacon's method is much less complete than it is commonly supposed to be," and that "it is certain that an attempt to determine what his method, taken as a whole, was, or would have been, must necessarily involve a conjectural or hypothetical element." The same writer continues, "it is, I think, chiefly because this circumstance has not been sufficiently recognised, that the idea of Bacon's philosophy has, generally speaking, been imperfectly apprehended."*

Students are heartily advised to read and consider the excellent exposition of Bacon's system of inductive philosophy, ably set forth by Mr. Ellis. It fills upwards of 55 pages 8vo., and is therefore unsuited for reproduction in our little space, but the following remarks aim at supplying some of the "conjectural or hypothetical element," requisite, according to this high authority, for the perfect apprehension of Bacon's *method.* And in the first place it may be said that the cause why Bacon's general scheme or idea of Natural Philosophy appears in his acknowleged works to be, as Mr. Ellis shows, imperfect and exclusive, is because these works are not *merely*

* General Pref. to Bacon's Philosophical works, by Robert Ellis. "Works," Spedding and Ellis, I., p. 21.

scientific. They are, like nearly all else that Bacon wrote, "double-meaning," or ambiguous. Principles which ostensibly apply to the world of nature, and to the building up of a new system of philosophy, in the first instance, experimental and inductive, are made by Bacon's genius and command of language, to apply not only to the "particulars" of which learning is constructed, but to the "generalities," the universal method, by which mankind was to be unconsciously educated or built up.

In other words, the method or system of Bacon is *supposed* to have been the opposite of that which was adopted by the thinkers called mystics, as for example, and to cite an instance of the period—Robert de Fluctibus (Robert Fludd), the author of "Mosaical Philosophy." It was what is called the Aristotelian, as distinguished from the Platonic; but in fact both methods are necessary to the "Advancement of Learning," and both would be appreciated by a mind like Bacon's at their proper worth. In fact, a study of the Baconian method will approximate its discoverer towards those mysteries of which it is undiscerningly thought that he is in opposition, whereas from all fields of speculation, and from all regions of research he derived whatsoever seemed to him good and sure.

An attempt has recently been made* to sketch the plan upon which Francis Bacon proposed "to frame the whole model of the house of wisdom," and to restore the great fabric of learning, sadly fallen into decay. By his vast and comprehensive method, all parts of the building were to be simultaneously reared "in an ascending scale," the whole level of human thought raised, and men's minds led gently upwards, by steps easy and enticing, without coercion, and with little personal effort.

Now by whatever figures or metaphors Bacon may have described his method, however much his purpose may be folded up in learned or disguised language, the method itself was eminently practical and understandable; a method whose great strength lay, like the strength of Sampson, *in hairs*—in infinitely small particulars to be handled separately, in other words in subdivision of labour. By pegging

* Fr. Bacon and his Secret Society, pp. 11, 115, 182, 291, 367-8. The writer has no faith in the notion that Bacon's philosophy ended with induction. Baconians should study the first "English translation" of *Descartes*.

down hairs on the head of Gulliver, the pigmies of Liliput mastered their prodigious captive. By nine hundred cords thin as packthread they slung him on to a carriage; by ninety-six chains, and thirty-six padlocks they chained him up, and finally by the aid of two thousand Liliputians and their tiny ropes and engines, Gulliver launched the boat which conveyed him home.

Francis Bacon perceived that by method and subdivision of labour immense results could be achieved with very weak instruments. Every man with the will, could be made instrumental in the launching of his great ship of learning, destined to traverse the whole wide world. "Order is heaven's first law," and upon a study of the marvellous order and unity in nature, Bacon based his method. The highest top, the culminating point of his efforts and aspirations was the attainment of truth, or absolute certainty about things. But to win truth in any department whether of science or philosophy, requires not only an orderly subdivision of labour in research, but an infinitely greater subdivision and apportionment of official and mechanical labour, to regulate and secure the preservation, dissemination, and ultimate application of knowledge to the wants of man.

Bacon, if he be intentionally somewhat vague as to the subjects which were to have completed the *Novum organum*, has left us in no doubt as to his method of advancing, spreading, and perpetuating knowledge. Up to a certain point this is clearly detailed in the form of a narrative in his *New Atlantis*, the so-called "fragment" of which (twenty years after its publication) Joseph Heydon published the evidently *earlier* edition, under the title of *A Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians*."*

Here, after a description of the various institutions, beneficent or scientific, which formed part of the "College of the Six Days," or "Solomon's House," the several employments of "our fellows" (the Rosicrucian fraternity) are enumerated and catalogued. Some, we read, were "to sail to foreign countries to collect and bring home books, abstracts, and patterns of experiments of all parts of the world;" others to reduce them into books. Some should "collect" the experiments, and yet another and higher class, draw the experiments of the former four into titles and tables, to give the better light for the drawing of observations and axioms out of them.

* See at the end of this article some remarks confirming this statement.

The monumental "Collections"—forerunnners of the modern Encyclopedias and Books of Reference—published towards the end of Bacon's life, or soon after his death, bring before our eyes, in very solid forms, the results of all this travelling and note-taking, this sifting, sorting, and cataloguing of the heterogeneous products of research and observation. A shining host of willing workers passes across the field of mental vision. Travellers for business or pleasure —Soldiers, Sailors, Geographers, Historians, Antiquarians—Astronomers, Mathematicians, Physicians, Experimental Chemists and Herbalists—Grammarians, Linguists, Theologians—Architects, Mechanicians, Opticians—yes, and even Sportsmen, Gossips, Wits, Snappers-up of unconsidered trifles of news in Church or State—not one but could contribute his quota to the store, which the more intelligent would examine at leisure, "transporting" into various Collections, after the manner of Bacon's own "Transportata," the items and scraps of information appropriate to each.

Work of this kind is for the most part mechanical, requiring little learning or special cleverness, no qualifications in the worker excepting obedience or respect for instructions, perseverance or industry, accuracy, and neatness. In this class of "our fellows" we shall find the reporters, or, as Bacon calls them, "intelligencers"; the copyists, amanuenses, collators, catalogue-writers, and so forth. Examine with regard to this matter the lives, as well as the works, of such "authors" as Sir Walter Raleigh, the three brothers Shirley, Hackluyt, Purchas, Du Bartas, Grüter, Camden, and the brothers William and Robert Burton, Baxter, Clarke, Daniel, Baker, Heylin, Alexander Ross, Gerarde, and the like. Neither genius nor depth of learning were needed to produce, under one great directing Head, such books as these, *destined to be revised by the Master Mind, and by masterly touches transformed from mere "collections" into sterling "literature."* Nevertheless, such "mechanic" work as this was of enormous value to all succeeding students, and represented not only a vast expenditure of time and patience, but also of money.

More difficult was the mental work of those "Dowry Men or Benefactors" in the Fraternity, "that bent themselves, looking into the experiments of others, and cast about how to draw out of them things of use and practice for man's life." Here Judgment, Reason, and

some Imagination were needed, and the "Fellows" appointed for such work must have been of rarer stuff than those included in the first category. We read of "divers meetings and consultations of the whole number," of their "directing new experiments of a higher light," and of discoveries raised into Axioms and Aphorisms; three Fellows only, "the *Interpreters of Nature*," were considered capable of such work.

Consider this elaborate plan for division of labour, and see how admirable an engine was here devised for carrying on the mighty work. Any man, however poor his abilities, or small his stock of learning, might find, if he would, some employment fit for his capacity, and if only he were faithful in the little entrusted to him, the "hodman's work" which so retarded Francis Bacon, would be taken from his shoulders; others could grind the clay, and make the bricks, whilst as Architect he would design, and as Clerk of the Works he would *bend himself* to the labours of supervision and direction.

That, in the first instance, Bacon was actually obliged not merely to write primers, as it were, for each branch of knowledge, but also to read, and practically to edit, all works of any importance—these very books plainly declare. For that was an age (we have had to say this before)—an age repeatedly pronounced by Bacon himself to be deficient in all that constitutes a fine model of language, or, as the phrase is, a fine style. And yet we take up book after book, on whatever subject, and having anatomised these books, find one and all to accord in certain particulars more or less marked according to the quality of the work. Such books always contain examples of the many characteristics of a good style, which Bacon, with a significant "*mihi silentio*," pointed out as "*deficient*" or totally absent from the writings of his time. Scarce one but has a good sprinkling of his most habitual phrases and tricks of expression, together with words and terms entered in his note-books, and for his own use—*Formularies and Elegancies* which he found wanting, and of which accordingly he made a "store" to aid his invention as well as his memory.

In these books, too, is found that remarkable antithetical style of his, that habit of balancing the Contraries of Good and Evil, of considering both sides of every proposition, which is characteristic rather of the mind of the man, than of his style. With these Antitheta we

find mixed the Resemblances or Analogies, the Metaphors and Similes, which form not only the basis, but the crown of his most beautiful style, exhibiting (as we hope some day to show) an ingrain knowledge and comprehension of the symbolism of the classical writers, and of the Bible, and an equally profound acquaintance with the occult or mystical philosophies of India, Arabia, and Egypt. In this connection it may be remarked that, assuming the Rosicrucian Mythos to have been a veil under which Francis Bacon pursued his purposes for the Advancement of the World, the special character of that veil is evidence of his profound acquaintance with the Mystics and their philosophy, more especially on its physical side. This consideration leads the way to fresh fields of study into which we must not now diverge, but neither must their existence be ignored. To keep to the present subject of the peculiar characteristics found more or less in all the literature of the New Philosophy, which (though probably sown long before), sprang up and developed with Bacon himself, what can we think but that it was *his* mind that breathed life into the dust and bones of ancient learning, *his* which gave to the writings of that age, the finishing touches, the charm which undoubtedly they possess? Science may have outgrown those old Treatises, Commentaries, and Epitomes. How few look into them now! Yet they are very interesting, and full of information, not only as to the matters of which they treat, but also as to the subjects of which it was necessary to teach the very elements three hundred years ago. These were the Stones of the House of Wisdom.

But suppose these stones to have been all shaped, and fitted to their places, and the great frame of the edifice advancing to completion, it was yet too vast and too complicated, to be perfected, adorned, and furnished, within the brief span of the Architect's life. Moreover it must, in the future ages, be kept in repair, and probably enlarged. Who would undertake that this should be done?

"For this purpose," continues the narrator in the *New Atlantis*, "we have as you must think, *novices and apprentices, that the succession of the former employed men, do not fail*, besides a great number of servants and attendants, both men and women."

Here again is the plan for maintaining a perpetual succession—that "*Handing down the lamp*," which was to be performed by

Bacon's Sons of Science, the Rosicrucian Fraternity. And with this *traditional teaching* was to be combined the *Secrecy* which played so important a part in the rules of the Society. Necessitated, in the first instance, by the ignorance and bigotry of the times, this secrecy appears to be now an anacronism, and an obstruction to knowledge, at least in regard to the History of Literature and its attendant arts and crafts. That such a system should in any way endure to the present day appears a marvel, and only to be explained on the assumption that some hitch or imperfection in the machinery renders it impossible or difficult to pull up or slacken speed without a break-down in the whole system. Surely Francis Bacon never intended that rules made to assist advance should be retained until they became mere obstructions. It was with regard to "Inventions," or works of imagination, and to the then much-suspected experiments and discoveries in Natural Science, that the secrecy was to be maintained, and something in the history of Masonry or Rosicrucianism must have gone wrong, or the present mysteries and anomalies could not exist.

Mr. Ellis dwells somewhat upon that part of Bacon's method which makes use, not only of an "enumeration of particular cases," but of "exclusions and rejections." "The doctrine is taught in the exposition of the fable of Cupid . . . coming forth from an egg whereon Night had brooded. . . . Knowledge obtained by exclusions and negatives results, so to speak, from darkness and from night. We see, I think, from this allegorical fancy . . . how firmly fixed in his mind was the idea of the importance, or rather of the necessity, of using a method of exclusion . . . the exclusion of error will necessarily lead to truth."

The writer is considering these and such passages in their relation to Bacon's method for the formation of scientific conceptions, the interpretation of Nature; but the *New Atlantis* shows us that the "exclusion" has, like the rest, a double meaning. It alludes to the exclusion of some discoveries from the published reports, and of the exclusion of the uninitiated (the unsympathetic or "profane") from the knowledge of such discoveries.

"This we do also: we have consultations, which of the inventions and experiences which we have discovered shall be published, and

which not: and take all an oath of secrecy, for the concealing of those which we think fit to keep secret: though some of those we do reveal sometimes to the State, and *some* not."

"But yet," argues a friendly critic, "why any secrecy or mystery about so good and praiseworthy a work? Bacon made no secret of his desire for the advancement of learning, nor of his opinion as to the deficiencies, the barrenness and ineffective methods, of learning in his day. It was no secret that he was trying to teach his disciples to take notes, to experiment, to arrange and methodise their knowledge, to establish libraries, lectures, and learned societies, to preserve and augment it. Wherein, then, lay the secret, or the need for one?"

The need lay in the fact that, in days when pedantry, bigotry, and ignorance joined hands to resist the introduction of new ideas of any kind, and when advancement was impossible, excepting by the most gentle and imperceptible "insinuation," it was of imperative necessity for the safety of all concerned to screen the fact that already, here, there, and everywhere, the great work had begun. Men were being taught "like babes, with easy tasks," and before long they had begun to speak Baconian prose without knowing it.

It should here be noted that Bacon's continental collaborators (and these, we know, were very numerous) stood in even greater danger from religious intolerance, and hostility to the progress of knowledge, than did he or his brethren in England, and his secret method would be especially a safeguard for those who worked with him abroad. It is very difficult at the present day to appreciate the position in which every man placed himself at that period, when he entered a new field of investigation or proposed any innovation. No devices were too far-fetched or too elaborate where it was a question of screening the lives or liberty of those who were risking both for the sake of their great cause.

Had the Universal Co-operative Reform Association announced its inauguration by a flourish of trumpets, dogged opposition would have bristled his angry crest, persecution and tyrannical edicts would have suppressed or annihilated the band of brethren. Their refuge, then, was in patience, silence, and secrecy; and because, after a while, the existence of such a society could not be concealed, they managed to

mislead the public mind by absurd and fictitious reports connecting it with alchemy, sorcery, astrology, and all manner of diabolical arts. The allegorical literature which was produced in order to encourage these views, whilst to the initiated it conveyed information of a very different kind, is sufficient to furnish a library; but meanwhile the true aims and labours of the Brotherhood remained concealed, and to this day there are but few who believe in the existence of the true Rosicrucians, fewer still who associate the idea of Freemasons with Francis Bacon and his "Method," or indeed with any working plan for a *Renaissance*, "A New Birth of Time," a Revival of Learning.

When surveying the manifold devices for secret communication and transmission of information—the hundred schemes for speaking by signs and gestures, by telegraphy, and by ciphers or secret writings, "each capable of indefinite variety," which were known to Bacon's friends—the shorthand writing or stenography which he reckons as a branch of cipher-writing, and which he seems to have developed and rendered subservient to his purposes, it really appears as though no possible detail was overlooked which could help and perfect the method.

First, with regard to books and documents, the very paper was made, by water-marks and other devices, an "organ" for transmission. Next (if we mistake not), the forms of type, its irregularities, and the so-called errors in setting it, were made to serve the turn of the cryptographer, who by their aid could impart secret matters, or afford clues to cyphers worked by means of a table-key or wheel. Even the words could be adjusted so as to furnish the important word-cipher of which, amongst others, Bacon speaks, and upon which anxious cryptographers are labouring with so much ingenuity and pertinacity.

Not only the paper and type, but even the ink, could be used as a means of secret communication, and we read of words being made to appear and disappear under the influence of heat or moisture, or of chemical applications. The Jesuits were, and perhaps are, experts in such methods. Of tradition, of knowledge "by interpretation," we cannot now speak. It is the most interesting of all, and must be treated separately, requiring engravings for its elucidation; but, by some or all of the methods enumerated, Francis Bacon and his

friends ensured that no crumb of truth (perhaps no particle of current history) should be lost or gathered in vain. Carefully collected and treasured, all was to be passed on to an organised succession of "wits," who should, according to their abilities and opportunities, work upon the materials, with patterns placed in their hands, that so, as the ages roll on, and "men run up and down through the world" knowledge may be perpetually increased and made serviceable.

C. M. P.

"The Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians" and the "New Atlantis."

The statement that the "*Journey to the Land of the Rosicrucians*," attributed to Joseph Heydon, is an earlier edition of the *New Atlantis* (perhaps originally circulated in manuscript), is founded entirely upon the internal evidence of the *Atlantis* itself, because no argument could be based on the authority of Heydon, who either was one of the Brethren charged with the duty of handing down works by Bacon (and perhaps by others), or else he must lie under the imputation of having systematically purloined from several Rosicrucian writers. The resemblance between the two tracts in question amounts almost to identity; yet there are a few differences.

The earlier date of the later edition is traceable partly by the spelling. It is not conceivable that, twenty years after the publication of Bacon's *New Atlantis*, another writer or plagiarist should, in putting forth his work, have reverted to the antiquated spelling of "*The Journey*"—*e.g.*, Æthiop, borcelane (porcelain), broyding, buryed, cambrick, colledge, commeth, croud, cryes, dotts, entrie entoyled, extream, farre, forrainer, ghest, heroicall, inventour, kinde, kingdome, lanthorne, linnen, lusture, marriners, mought, mouled (moulded), mountaines, oyled, palme, pœsie, satten, scroule, severall, syder, tendernesse, traffique, tred, &c. Such spelling was used by Francis Bacon in his youth; but he reformed the spelling of his day, and it seems as if we may hereafter be able scientifically to assign a date to any given work by means of a comparative anatomy of its orthography.

The *Atlantis* has paraphrases and additional sentences elucidating "*The Journey*"; ellisions too, and changes of names, which show

that Dr. Rawley (Bacon's secretary and editor) deemed it unadvisable to acquaint the world with the fact that the allegory tells of the constitution of the Rosie Cross Society. Wherever, in *The Journey*, the "Rosie Cross Brethren," and the "Temple of the Rosie Cross," are spoken of, the name is either omitted in the *New Atlantis*, or it is changed to "the family," "the brethren," "the College of the Six Days," or "Solomon's House." Sometimes, in *The Journey*, this building is entitled "the Holy House." Proper names and titles are also changed. The reputed Founder, "F.H.R.C." or "Eugenius Theodidactus," of *The Journey*, becomes Solomona in the *Atlantis*. St. John the Divine is changed to St. Bartholomew. Jesus Christ, entitled in both versions "the Milken Way, and the Eliah of the Messiah," has in *The Journey* the additional title of "Emepht."

The Rosie Crucian Father of *The Journey* is the Tirsan of the *Atlantis*, and so forth. The "Holy Island" of *The Journey* is, in this earlier version, called by no less than eight names:—Apanua, Aquanna, Chassalonia, Chrisse, Hierusalem, Jerusalem, Judea, Phroates, besides its general designation of "the Holy Island." All these names are expressed in the *New Atlantis* by the one word "Bensalem."

The only other remarkable difference between the two editions is that, whereas, in the *New Atlantis*, no references occur to other books, *The Journey* specifies several which the initiate brethren should read: "See my *Rosie Crucian Infallible Axiomata*"; "Read the *Harmony of the World*" (*rep.*); "Read my *Cabbala*, or Art by which Moses shewed so many signs in Ægypt"; "Read *The Familiar Spirit*"; "Read our *Temple of Wisdom*" (*rep.*)

It seems hardly worth while to fill space here by an elaborate collation of the two editions. Mr. Wigston, in his "Bacon and the Rosicrucians," has already brought together a considerable number of extracts in parallel columns; yet, to assure readers who may be unacquainted with these works—of their identity of authorship—we append the sentences which begin and conclude this singular fragment.

"VOYAGE TO THE LAND OF THE ROSICRUCIANS."

We travelled from Sydmouth for London and Spain by the South Sea;

"NEW ATLANTIS."

We sailed from Peru, where we had continued for the space of one whole year, for China and Japan, by the South Sea, taking with us victuals

taking with us victuals for twelve moneths' space and more. But then the winds came about into the West, so as we could make little way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back.

Then there arose strong and great winds from the South, with a point East, which carried us up toward the North, by which time our victuals failed us, and we gave ourselves up for lost men, and prepared for death.

* * * * *

When he had said this, he desired me to give him an account of my life, that he might report it to the Brethren of the Rosie Crosse, after which he stood up;

I kneeled down, and he laid his hand upon my head, saying, "God blesse thee, my son, and God blesse these relations which we have made! I give thee leave to publish them for the good of other nations, for we are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me, having assigned a value of about two thousands pounds in gold for a bounty to me and my fellows, for they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions.

for twelve months' space or more; but then the wind came about and settled in the West many days, so as we could make little or no way, and were sometimes in purpose to turn back. But then, again, there arose strong and great winds from the South, with a point East, which carried us up, for all that we could do, towards the north; by which time our victuals failed us, and we gave ourselves up for lost men and prepared for death.

* * * * *

And when he had said this he stood up;

and I, as I had been taught, kneeled down, and he laid his right hand upon my head, and said, "God bless thee, my son, and God bless this relation which I have made; I give thee leave to publish it for the good of other nations, for we are here in God's bosom, a land unknown." And so he left me, having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats for a bounty to me and my fellows; for they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions.

A SURMISE AS TO THE SOURCE OF THE SURNAME SHAKESPEARE.

FRANCIS BACON was, it is well known, a profound student of the Greek Mythology as his admirable Essays on the Wisdom of the Ancients abundantly prove. In his early youth he audaciously claimed that he had taken all knowledge as his province. This was the lofty title Cowley gave him—Lord Chancellor of Nature.

Thereby hangs a tale which, like the tail of the peacock, requires to be expanded to exhibit its extreme effulgence.

Pallas Athene was, amongst the Greeks, the most illustrious of all their deities, she was the patroness of literature, art, and science, her sobriquet was the Shaky Lady with the Spear; all knowledge was her province. By a curious coincidence, the first and last syllables of

her sobriquet are (old style) shake, and speare—the hyphen indicating the omitted words in the title. These in conjunction form the signature appended to plays, and poetry written in the days of Queen Elizabeth, which has made Shake-speare and English literature renowned throughout the civilized world.

The author thus seeming to insinuate that the comedies, histories, tragedies, and poetry were written by the goddess who presided over all knowledge, or by some one especially selected by her, and who more likely to be chosen, or think himself more fit to be her representative heir, or adopted child, than Francis Bacon, who thus stands confessed the author of the Shakes-peare Plays.

WILLIAM HENRY SMITH.

OF SOME LAUDATORY VERSES WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF FRANCIS BACON.

BY THE REV. W. BOURCHIER SAVILE.

A GREAT number of compositions in Latin verse laudatory of Lord Bacon were written after his decease. About thirty of them were published by Dr. Rawley, and he says he suppressed others—very many and those the best "*plurimas et los optimos.*" The reason he gives for the suppression of these is—"Because he (Bacon) took no pleasure in a great pile (mole), I have made it *not* a great one. Let it suffice, to have laid these foundations as it were, in the name of the present age. Succeeding ages will, I think, decorate and amplify the fabric. It is known to God only, and the fates, what age it will be that shall put the last hand to it." If Dr. Rawley intended his readers to understand that from what he knew of Bacon he would have no pleasure in having a great number of verses written in his honour after his death, and, therefore, that he (Rawley) published comparatively few of them, and those *not the best*, he would have acted more consistently with his conviction if he had published *only* the few and said nothing about the very many and the best. If this were his meaning, why should he say that the few (verses ?) might suffice for the foundations of the fabric for the age

then present ? or say that successive ages would decorate and amplify the fabric (of verses ?), or say that it was known to God alone, and the fates what age would be the last that would put a finishing hand to the said fabric (of verses ?) ?

Dr. Rawley was not a person to write nonsensically, and I infer from his language that his reason for the suppression of the laudatory compositions he speaks of, was, that they contained allusions, or mention more or less direct to *Works of* Bacon, which it was known he did not desire to have made known as his productions during his lifetime, nor the then present age. If they could only be found—those Latin and perhaps some of them English, verses !

The Latin verses published by Dr. Rawley, I have found in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. x.

COMMUNICATION BY THE LATE REV. W. BOURCHIER SAVILE.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PARMENIDES, STUDIED BY FRANCIS BACON, REAPPEARS IN HAMLET.

(FROM NOTES BY THE LATE MRS. A. ALARIC WATTS.)

"To be or not to be" (*Hamlet* iii. 1).

IN an article of the *Fortnightly Review*, *vol. xviii.* (*new series*), upon the "Eleatic Fragments" (by John Addington Symonds), we read :—

"*Parmenides*, a native of Elea, who flourished about the year 503, enjoyed a reputation in his native city *scarcely inferior to that of Pythagoras at Cretona*, of Empedocles at Aragus, or of Solon at Athens. Cebes talks about a Pythagorean or Parmenidean mode of life, as if the austere *ascesis* of the Samian philosopher had been adopted or imitated by the Eleatic. Indeed, there is good reason to suppose that Parmenides held intercourse with members of the Pythagerian sect, his neighbours in the south of Italy. Of Parmenides some precious notices have been preserved by Plato. The relation of the phenomenal universe to real existence were for the first time treated in the school of Elea, and these ideas appear especially to have occupied the mind of Parmenides. The unity of the Being of

Parmenides was the barest metaphysical abstraction, deduced, we are tempted to believe, in the first instance, from a single observation of language, and yet, when formed, not wholly purged from corporeity. Being is proved by the word ἐστί. The singular number indicates the unity of the subject; the present tense proves its eternity, for it neither asserts a *has been*, nor a *will be*, but an everlasting IS. The antithesis *Not-Being* is impossible and inconceivable : οὐκ ἐστί.

"Completing *his conception of Being* as the sole reality, and carrying out *the arguments attributed by Aristotle* to his master, Parmenides shows that the Eternal One is indivisible, immovable, continuous, homogœneous, absolutely self-identical beyond the reach of birth, or change, or dissolution. Furthermore, it is finite and spheroid. . . . As opposed to this unique ἀρχὴ, the sole and universal reality, which can only be apprehended by the reason, and which is eternally and continuously One. Parmenides places the totality of phenomena, multiplex, diverse, subject to birth, change, &c., as mere names, the vague unreal dream-world of impotent mortals. Yet he cannot deny their phenomenal extreme. . . . Parmenides feels bound to offer an explanation of this cosmos of illusions. . . . His teaching consequently contains a paradox deeply imbedded in its very substance. . . . The Fragments of Parmenides, which contain this philosophy of *Being and Not-Being*, appear to have formed portions of a Poem in hexameters. It opens with an allegory in which the Poet or the Soul of Man is drawn by horses in a chariot to the House of Truth, where dwells the Goddess the *Divine Sophia*, who instructs him. After this exordium come fragments of *a lecture delivered by the Divine Sophia* :

"'Come now, for I will tell, and thou hear and keep my words, what are the only ways of inquiry that lead to knowledge. The one that certifies that being is, and *that not being is not*, is the pathway of persuasion, for *truth follows it*. The other, which declares *that being is not, and that not being must be*, that I affirm is wholly unpersuasive; for neither couldst thou know *not-being*, since it cannot be got at, neither couldst thou utter it in words, seeing that thought and being are the same. To me it is indifferent where I begin, for again to the same point shall I return. It must be that speech and thought is *being*, for *being is*, and that *not being is nothing*, which thing I bid

thee ponder. First keep thy mind from that path of inquiry, then from that in which mortals who know nothing wander in doubt; helplessness sways in their hearts the erring mind; hither and thither are they borne, deaf, yea, and blind, in wonderment, confused crowds who fancy *being* and *not-being* are the same and not the same; the way of all of them leads backwards.'

"The next fragment resumes:—

"'Never do thou learn to fancy that NOT-BEING is; but keep thy mind from this path of enquiry; nor let custom force thee to pursue that beaten way, to use blind eyes and sounding ear and tongue, but judge by reason the knotty argument which I declare. One only way of reasoning is left—that being is. Wherein are many signs that it is increate and indestructible, whole in itself, unique in kind, immovable and everlasting. . . . Neither birth nor beginning belongs to Being. WHEREFORE EITHER TO BE OR NOT TO BE IS THE UNCONDITIONED ALTERNATIVE. . . . THIS, THEN, IS THE POINT OF DECISION—IT IS OR IT IS NOT,' &c., &c."

The extract runs on for a considerable space, still constantly ringing the changes upon *Being and Not-Being.*

Can there be a doubt that the substance of this remarkable philosophic fragment—(from a source which Bacon specified as being too little known to readers in his time,* and which certainly is not much more widely known even in these days) were condensed into a perfect form in the world-famous soliloquy of Hamlet, "To be or not to be, that is the question?"

* *De Augmentis*, iii.; Spedding, Works, i. 567. Bacon also quotes Parmenides' opinion that the earth was "*primum frigidum*" in *Historia Ventorum* (Spedding, Works, ii. 370; again, on the same subject, in the *Natural History*, or *Sylva Sylvarum*, Cent. i. 69). In the *De Principiis atque Originibus* Bacon points out that "Parmenides maintained two principles of things, fire and earth or heaven. For he asserted that the sun and stars were real fire. . . . And these opinions of Parmenides Telesius has in our age revived."

Bacon speaks with approval of the theories of Parmenides, and adopts his opinion as to the sun and stars being real fires. "This theory of mine," he says in the *Thema Coeli*, "affirms *that the stars are real flames.*" In this place, and also in the *Descriptio Globi Intellectualis*, he discusses the question at some length, and this is the conclusion at which he arrives. Hamlet's saying in his

THE RIDDLE OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY

IN "*The Chymical Marriage of Christian Rosencreutz*,"* which some of us believe to have been written in early youth by Francis Bacon (but which was first published at Strasbourg in 1616), we read of "a fair and glorious lady," "*Virgo lucifera gratiositas*," who inspires the mind of Christian and leads him about the Palace of Truth. In one place the Latin edition describes her as *Præconissa*, the Fore-knowledge of Truth. Before the wedding begins Christian becomes so familiar with the beautiful virgin, that he "adventures and requests her name." The virgin smiles at his curiosity and replies:—

"My name contains five and fifty, and yet hath only eight letters; the third is the third part of the fifth, which added to the sixth will produce a number, whose root shall exceed the third itself by just the first, and it is the half of the fourth. Now the fifth and seventh are equal, the last and first also equal, and make with the second as much as the sixth hath, which contains four more than the third tripled. Now tell me, my lord, how am I called?

The answer was intricate enough, yet left I not off, but said:—

"Noble and vertuous Lady, may I not obtain one only letter?"

"Yea," said she, "that may well be done."

"What then," I proceeded, "may the seventh contain?"

"It contains," said she, "as many as there are lords here." (*No number of lords is given.*)

love-letter to Ophelia was then no outbreak of madness, as many suppose; it was an earnest exhortation to doubt anything in heaven or earth sooner than doubt his love and fidelity. It will be observed that he combines with his declaration that the stars are fires, Bacon's great fallacy in believing that *the earth has fixed poles* (*Nov. Org.* xlvi.; *Thema Coeli, last page*; *De Fluxu et Refluxu*, Maris. Spec. Works, v. 450, &c.):—

> "Doubt thou the stars are fire,
> Doubt that the sun doth move,
> Doubt truth to be a liar,
> But never doubt I love" (*Ham.* ii. 2, 116).
>
> "Guards of the *ever-fixed pole*" (*Oth.* ii. 1).

* Printed in English in the "Real History of the Rosicrucians" chap. v. A. E. Waite 1887, pub. Redway.

† See Article on the Sonnets. *Ante.*

With this I easily found her name, at which she was well pleased, saying that much more should be revealed to us."

Mr. George Bidder, Q.C., has kindly given us permission to publish his solution of this Rosicrucian Riddle; wherein, by resolving numbers into letters of the Greek alphabet, he produces the word *Alethinia.* There is no such word in the Greek language, but *Aletheia* is Truth, and *Alethinos* means *agreeable to truth.* Perhaps we may take it as equivalent for Francis Bacon's expression concerning himself, where he describes himself as being "nimble" in mind, "apt" to discover analogies and hence especially suited to become a discoverer of truth. *Alethinia* seems to be a suggestive and euphonious feminine name, for a spirit of *aptness for truth,* and it suggests that the poetical author of the allegory, intended to represent in the person of his glorious and gracious guide,—*Truth præconissa*—that fore-knowledge or intuitive perception of Truth, that "beam from Heaven," which Dr. Rawley said, seemed to be upon Francis Bacon, "who though a great reader of books, yet had not his knowledge from books, but from some grounds and notions from within himself."

Let a, b, c, d, e, f, g, and h stand for the eight letters; then we have

$$\left.\begin{aligned} a+b+c+d+e+f+g+h &= 55 \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (1)\\ e &= 3c \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (2)\\ c+f &= (a+c)^2 \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (3)\\ a+c &= \tfrac{d}{2} \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (4)\\ g &= e \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (5)\\ h &= a \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (6)\\ a+h+b &= f \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (7)\\ f &= 4+3c \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (8) \end{aligned}\right\}$$

From (6) (7) and (8) we get

$$b = 4 + 3c - 2a$$

From (4)

$$d = 2a + 2c$$

Substituting these values, and those in (2), (5), (6) and (8), in (1), we get

$$a + 4 + 3c - 2a + c + 2a + 2c + 3c + 4 + 3c + 3c + a + 55$$

$$\therefore 2a + 15c = 47 \quad \ldots\ldots\ldots (9)$$

Now the values of a and c that satisfy this equation are

$$\left.\begin{array}{r} a = 1, c = 3 \\ \text{and } a = 16, c = 1 \end{array}\right\} \quad \begin{array}{l} \ldots\ldots\ldots \text{ (i.)} \\ \ldots\ldots\ldots \text{ (ii.)} \end{array}$$

But of these solutions, (ii.) does not satisfy equation (3), while (i.) does.

∴ (i.) is the correct solution.

∴ We have

1st	letter	=	1	5th	„	=	9
2nd	„	=	11	6th	„	=	13
3rd	„	=	3	7th	„	=	9
4th	„	=	8	8th	„	=	1

Now taking the numerals to represent the letters of the Greek alphabet in their order, we have

1	represented	by	α	9	„	„	ι
11	„	„	λ	13	„	„	ν
3	„	„	η	9	„	„	ι
8	„	„	θ	1	„	„	α

∴ Whence we get, by a slight alteration of the third letter, Αληθινια (Alethinia).

Bacon being asked by a lady if some property adjoining Grey's Inn belonged to it or not, replied, "Madam, it is ours as you are ours, to look upon, and no more."

Apopthegms.

"Like fools, who in the imagination set
The goodly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in more pleasure to bestow them
Than the mere gouty landlord that doth owe them."

—(*Pass. Pilgrim, verse* 20.)

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT THE PORTRAITS OF FRANCIS BACON.

[Extracts from Letter by Dr. Georg Cantor, The University, Halle at Saale].

THE following are some extracts from a letter sent by Dr. Georg Cantor, containing the measurements of the Kesselstadt or Darmstadt Mask, taken by Dr. Hermann Schaafhauzen, Professor of Anthropology in the University of Bonn. These are placed side by side with measurements taken by Dr. Garson of the Anthropometric Laboratory, South Kensington from the authentic death-mask of Shakspere.

It will be observed that no two measurements accord absolutely. Also that such measurements of the skull fail to show certain great discrepancies in likeness of features as apart from likeness of *skull*. For instance, the nose in the Darmstadt mask is long, inclining over the short upper lip. The nose in the "Shakespeare death-mask is short," and the upper lip very long. The face in the Darmstadt mask tapers to a fine chin—that of "Shakespeare" is very wide, even puffy on the jaw or jowl:—

"With regard to the portraits of Francis Bacon, now extant, I think that it would be advisable to make,

(1.) A complete list of all the portraits that are known, together with a brief notice of the authors in whose works they are found.

(2.) Researches for other portraits of F. B., hitherto unknown. By reason of the immense number of his friends and devoted admirers I believe that not in England alone, but in other countries, portraits of him are discoverable, of which hitherto, *the general public* have had no knowledge. In particular we may expect to find such pictures in the noble families of England.

I would remind you of a passage in Rawley's "Life of Bacon" (*Spedding, vol. i.* 15):—"One carried his Lordship's picture from head to foot, over with him into France, as a thing which he foresaw would be much desired there." This picture was (according to the Latin version) presented to the owner by Bacon himself. Let it be inquired whether this full-length portrait be still extant in France?

(3.) The measures of the Darmstadt (or Kesselstadt) Mask, taken by Dr. Hermann Schaafhausen, Professor at the University of Bonn, should be republished. They are printed in an article of the tenth Year-book of the German Shakespeare Society, page 81."

MEASUREMENTS.	Darmstadt Mask. Millemetres.	Shakespeare Mask. Millemetres.
1. Total length from top of brow to chin ...	210	221
2. Total length to lower eyelid	95	90
3. Total length to root of nose	85	82
4. Length of nose (root to base)	55	52
5. Length of upper lip to slit of nose	24	26
6. Length from slit of mouth to chin (mouth open	46	73*
7. Greatest breadth of forehead (midway) ...	145	140
8. Breadth of face on line of the jawbone (zygomatic arch)	151	149
9. Distance between cheek bones (middle) "prunette"...	115	118
10. From the outer angle of the eyes (one side to the other)...	103	94
11. Length of eyelid at the opening	39	30
12. Breadth of mandible at angle	111	113

Our Frontispiece this month is taken from a stamp used in one of the old editions of Bacon's acknowledged works, and lent to us by Mr. W. F. C. Wigston, who adopted the design to adorn the cover of his book on "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians."

This book-stamp is peculiarly interesting, because it affords another instance of the intention of Bacon's followers to identify him with the second Renaissance, the Dawn of the New Day of Learning. The Sun, the Light of Truth, is seen rising into the heavens from behind the hills. Those who sat in the shadow of the valley will now rejoice in that heavenly light.

Readers who will turn to our number for August, 1895, p. 102, will observe the resemblance between the symbolism of this book-stamp (a supposititious medal) with the beautiful portrait-medal (undated) of which a copy is preserved at the British Museum, and which bears on the reverse side an elegant design of Aurora, with the motto "NON PROCUL DIES."

* This measurement is taken in Skakespeare to behind the beard.